NEW STRAVINSKY BENJAMIN BORETZ

THE NATION

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REAGAN vs. BROWN

HOW TO SUCCEED WITH THE BACKLASH

CAREY McWILLIAMS

'THE RUSSIANS FAKED IT' DANIEL COHEN

THE 'CULTURE' RIOTS

Mao at Bay ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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LETTERS

cost of neutrality

Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: May I speak my welcome to the uncommon good sense in your editorial on the California elections [*The Nation,* Oct. 17].

The decision of the Conference for a New Politics ignores the central lesson of the past half century of political history—that in a contest between candidates of the Center and the extremist Right, the Left dare not be neutral, unless it is strong enough to elect its own. How dearly the Germans and the world paid for having blundered in this regard.

The "new radicalism" is so postured to break with the old radicalism that they do not study it to find its positive and negative sides. Consequently they are repeating its crudest mistakes, and not salvaging any of its virtues. In 1934 in California a much stronger than now exists Left made a similar error in the gubernatorial campaign and contributed considerably to the election of the wicked Merriam machine. If Reagan is elected, at best the awful days of the Rolph-Merriam rule will return, and at worst, which is very likely, the motley crew of Nazi-like ultra-rightists to whom Reagan is attached will capture the state, an outcome sinister for the entire nation.

The drive to make Vietnam the criterion for support of Brown sounded very idealistic—it was in fact a sure pattern for Brown's defeat. Were he to support the President, he would lose the Liberal-Left. Were he to oppose Johnson, he would lose a part of the Democratic organization and middle-of-the-road vote. Did the Liberal-Left believe that the election of Reagan would make for a better climate in which to achieve peace?

It is a worthy subject for political study, that ever since the LaFollette campaign of 1924 the political Left has developed a lemming psychology; as soon as its numbers increase somewhat, it leaves the congenial surroundings that made for growth to begin a march to its own destruction. Instead of crying "bankrupt" and "irrelevance" to the Liberal-Left and Marxist past, as the leaders of the "new radicalism" in California have done, it would be more profitable to study that era.

The California "new radicals" have often battled gallantly and worthily, but it is easy to become intoxicated with the eloquence of one's own self-righteousness and militancy. It's an occupational disease for leaders to avoid if the major objectives of a larger strategy are to be realized.

I appeal especially to those Californians who shared many hard battles with me to prevent that magnificent state from falling into the grasp of the ultra-Right extremists. After the rhetoric is trimmed away, there is only one way to do that—elect Pat Brown, despite his imperfections. *S. A. Darcy*

the Fulbrights

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: I was distressed by Richard Kostelanetz's article "In Darkest Fulbright" [*The Nation,* June 13]. As chairman of the United States Board of Foreign Scholarships which administers this program, I have some concern about correcting inaccuracies that do an injustice to a program which in twenty years has aided the exchange of 100,000 persons and performed an inestimable service to the international academic community. I regret that you allowed *The Nation* to become the vehicle for a spiteful and ignorant diatribe.

Here follow corrections of some of the grosser misstatements of fact: *"Many Fulbright programs are*

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EDITORIALS

Top Secret

The best kept—and gloomiest—secret of the Johnson era is just what the Vietnamese war is costing. It is a truism that the social costs of any war are incalculable, and even the money cost cannot be ascertained to the last dollar; but this hardly accounts for the murkiness that surrounds a subject so important to the American people. The real reason is that deception is being practiced on a grand scale, by experts in the art. That this is not a groundless assertion the following facts attest:

¶ Governor Scranton, emerging from a White House conference, told newsmen that the war in Vietnam may cost as much as $10 billion *more* in the next fiscal year. The statement was almost immediately denied.

¶ Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, said a few days ago that he and other Senators have been unable to get firm estimates from the Pentagon on Vietnam costs, present and future. He thinks the outlays are currently running between $1.5 and $2 billion a month.

¶ Sen. John Stennis, chairman of the preparedness subcommittee, estimates $2 billion a month.

¶ Wilbur D. Mills, chairman of Ways and Means, is irked by the reluctance of the Administration to give him a straight account of costs. If he doesn't know, who would?

¶ Marquis Childs, in September, said flatly that the cost at that time was $2.7 billion a month. He added: "Rather than a random figure picked out of the air, this is a careful calculation accepted at the highest levels of government concerned with taxes and debt and the storm cloud of threatened inflation hovering over the economy."

¶ Under a release date of October 20, Prof. Raymond J. Saulnier declared that we are faced with inflation and "we need a realistic assessment of defense spending requirements, which have been consistently underestimated. . . . It is impossible to plan monetary policy, let alone fiscal policy, without having a candid assessment of what military operations are going to cost."

There is tricky accounting all over Washington. One device is to estimate war costs in terms of actual expenditures, a technique which automatically hides the truth. The Pentagon has been slow in paying contractors. When the government is slow in paying, vendors do not write threatening letters or hand accounts over to collection agencies: they turn to the banks for money. George A. Murphy, chairman of the Irving Trust Company, says that the Defense Department slowdown, which he calls "widespread," has been a "significant factor in producing extraordinary loan demand." One need not be unduly cynical to connect this situation with the pre-election minimization of the financial disruption caused by the war. Only the most credulous could imagine that bad news is not being withheld from the public now, when it could influence votes, to be released after the votes have been counted.

That costs must be high is self-evident. We are chewing up materiel at a fantastic rate. In terms of materiel, this is our third largest war. According to Senator Morse, a greater tonnage of bombs per month is being dropped on the two

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Vietnams than all Europe and Africa received in the same time in World War II. It is a small war only in terms of the area involved. Devastation at this level of intensity is expensive for the receiver in lives and property; for the donor the cost in lives is less but the money cost is enormous.

And the worst is yet to come. Counting the crews of the Seventh Fleet, the United States now has nearly 400,000 men engaged in the assault on Vietnam. It is common talk in Washington that 1967 will see an increase in the air and ground forces from the present level of some 330,000 to 600,000 or 700,000. The major voice in the conduct of the war has passed from the civilians to the military. Writing from Saigon in the New York *World Journal Tribune*, Ward Just asserts that the recent visit of Secretary McNamara "marked the beginning of the end of civilian supremacy in the American effort here." Gen. William C. Westmoreland, though no Caesar like Douglas MacArthur, is now in the top spot. Public relations tribute will continue to be paid to the importance of winning "the hearts and minds of the people," but the war will be fought with bombs, cannon and firearms in ever greater measure. The role of the South Vietnamese army in combat will be further reduced, and the brunt of the war will fall with ever greater weight on the American forces. Ambassador Goldberg will continue to bleat at the UN, but American lives and American dollars will be poured into the South Asian cauldron with no limit in sight. On the financial side alone the American people are in for unpleasant surprises; how unpleasant they will not know until Mr. Johnson and his aides are forced to give an accounting—after November 8.

Korea and Vietnam

A Korea-type settlement in Vietnam would be a political godsend for the Johnson Administration, would further the long-term U.S. policy of containment and military frustration of Red China, would relieve the anxieties of American youths and their families, and partially restore the luster of American democracy in the UN. Something on this order is in fact the objective of such planners as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Richard Goodwin, John Kenneth Galbraith and the "No Wider War" committee said to be in the making. Almost any kind of end to the war would be welcomed by a majority of Americans: they would applaud its artificers as they applauded General Eisenhower's promise to bring peace in 1952.

Unfortunately, this hopeful picture is visible only from the American side. As seen from Hanoi and Peking—even from Moscow—it is shot through with wishful thinking, an indulgence which among all human activities can be least afforded in war.

There is, indeed, one condition on which the war might be ended with American troops garrisoned in Vietnam (or Thailand) and air bases in readiness for re-use by American bombers, whether under USAF occupancy or some caretaker arrangement with the native military. That condition, in a slight modification of General LeMay's formula, is that we can manage to twist the enemy's arm hard enough so that he yells "uncle" and, still sobbing, staggers to the conference table. This outcome is conceivable, though not probable, in relation to North Vietnam; but it is unimagi-

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nable in relation to the Chinese, who are in a position to exercise veto power over any proposed settlement. So the solution is likely to reduce to LeMay's earlier prescription: bombing North Vietnam back into the Stone Age and, if the Chinese attempt countermeasures, meting out the same treatment to them.

Short of total defeat, the enemy will not, because it cannot, settle for the Korean pattern. To Hanoi that would mean not only the loss of the war presently raging but a reversal of the victory over the French which led to the Geneva Agreements of 1954. Hanoi's objective, identical with that of the National Liberation Front, is a share for the latter in the future government of South Vietnam and, ultimately, reunification of North and South under Communist auspices. The last they may never achieve, but they will continue guerrilla warfare indefinitely rather than abandon *in toto* the aims which they have pursued since the end of World War II, when French intransigence finally made it impossible for them to remain in the French Union.

Nor can the Chinese settle for another Korea, this one on their southern flank. Already the *cordon sanitaire* that has been drawn around them is tighter than the one Clemenceau devised for the Soviet Union after World War I. The only remaining gaps are in the south. Actually, with Shanghai some 500 nautical miles from Okinawa, Peking a slightly greater distance from Seoul, and southwest China across the Taiwan Strait from another complex of *de facto* American bases, and Polaris submarines cruising the Pacific, the additional peril from the direction of Thailand and South Vietnam makes a bad situation only slightly worse, but Chinese psychology has reached the so-far-and-no-farther stage. Their hostility toward both the United States and the Soviet Union is aggravated by a factor rarely mentioned in discussions of Chinese militancy: that both Soviet and American ballistic missiles must long since have been targeted on Chinese population centers and nuclear plants, with the Soviet sites probably within intermediate range. No nation likes this sort of close-up missilry — not the United States when Khrushchev did it in Cuba, nor the Chinese when it is done to them.

In war, to assess enemy intentions with any certitude, one must put oneself in the enemy's place. If one does this with respect to Hanoi and Peking, only one conclusion can be drawn. Even if we withdrew to defensive enclaves in accordance with General Gavin's proposal, the war would not end. The enclaves would be attacked and the initiative would be with the enemy. The no-wider-war position has merit insofar as it provides a pause for reflection; as a solution it is unworkable. The war can end only if the United States comes up with a promise of eventual withdrawal more persuasive than anything the Johnson Administration—or its critics—have so far offered. And both might as well make up their minds that Vietnam is not Korea.

Can Dr. Condon See It Through?

It's hard to feel sorry for an organization like the U.S. Air Force, but the present flying-saucer situation almost moves us to sympathy. For twenty years the Air Force, which is charged with investigating UFOs (unidentified flying objects), has been saying that there is no evidence that earth is being visited by spaceships from another world. Not only has this position failed to impress many people, it has made them furious at the Air Force.

Now, with excitement over flying saucers again at fever pitch, the Air Force wants to get off the hot spot. It has therefore commissioned the University of Colorado to conduct an independent fifteen-month study of the phenomenon at a cost of $313,000. The choice of Dr. Edward U. Condon to head the study is an unusually happy one. He is not only a world-renowned scientist, he also has a rare ability to communicate ideas to the nonscientific public. In addition, Dr. Condon had enough troubles with the government during the McCarthy period to protect him from the easy label of government stooge.

Dr. Condon is approaching the saucer project with enthusiasm, but we wonder if he knows what he is letting himself in for. Word is already spreading that the project is a put-up job and that the real results will be suppressed. If Dr. Condon and his associates come up with anything less than the little green men from Mars, they will be crucified.

But the Colorado investigation can have some useful results. It may explain some of the small number of genuinely puzzling sightings that have occurred. And, perhaps more important, the psychologists on Dr. Condon's staff may be able to provide some insight into the reasons why so many Americans must look to beings from beyond the earth as the only hope for escape from the tensions, dangers and boredom of modern life.

The Search for Santa Claus

On November 8, New York voters will be asked to approve an amendment to the state constitution which would authorize a state lottery, the proceeds of which shall be applied exclusively "in aid or support of education in this state." One of the oldest dodges in promotion of rackets is to link them to good causes. It will be noted also that this is a blanket authorization, with no indication of how it is to be set up, or the number of drawings, or what safeguards are to be incorporated against the infiltration of criminals. A pig in a poke is being offered to voters in the Empire State.

Lotteries have been outlawed in New York since 1833, and with good reason. The *New York Post* has published a series of articles on the history; in one of them (October 5) John S. Ezell, author of *Fortune's Merry Wheel,* pointed out that a study of more than 1,300 legal lotteries in the United States proves that the most careful supervision cannot eliminate abuses. Anthony Scaduto notes in the same series that lotteries have been characterized as "a tax on imbeciles" and "a plague invented by despots to silence the people."

But historical evidence is outweighed in the minds of proponents by the New Hampshire experiment, which has been in operation for three years without scandal. This brief record is hardly a guarantee of purity in the future; besides, in terms of net revenue the New Hampshire lottery has been a disappointment. A large percentage of the New Hampshire sweepstakes tickets—perhaps as much as 85 per

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cent—are sold to out-of-state visitors, and in other respects the differences between the two states, one with a population of less than 700,000, the other with 18 million, surely outweigh the similarities. In New York, with its heavy urban population—8 million in New York City alone—it is a foregone conclusion that most of the gambling would be done by those least able to afford it.

The argument is adduced that the mob-operated policy games, bookie setups, etc., now take tremendous sums from the poor, and that a government-operated lottery would at least be honest and would provide the state with much-needed revenue. Unfortunately, the history of government lotteries shows that they can be as dishonest as those privately operated; countless schemes are evolved for control by criminal elements, which have quite enough power in government already. Nor does government-sponsored gambling dry up other forms of gambling. The poor continue to play the numbers *and* buy lottery tickets, hoping to make a killing somehow, somewhere.

Puerto Rico has a lottery, and Governor Rockefeller points out that when a strike of lottery employees halted the sale of tickets for ten days, food sales in the supermarket chain the Rockefellers control shot up 30 per cent. A lottery is a typical sucker setup, both for the customers and for the state. In effect it is a search for Santa Claus —a particularly benevolent Santa Claus who will finance public services painlessly. If New York becomes the second state to go into the lottery business, other states will follow suit, and there is even the prospect of a national lottery atop the state lotteries. This contagion should be stopped before further mischief is generated.

Union Stripes

The enemies of progress are right, from their crazed perspective, to scotch the organization of equality wherever it appears. Equality is an extremely "catching" idea, and groups that are a moon flight removed from Harlem, Watts and the Mississippi Delta are beginning to develop the fever.

Catholic priests, who for some time have been appearing on other people's picket lines, have recently been heard to wonder whether a union of their own would really be incongruous. And now from the West Coast comes word that the San Francisco County Jail No. 2 has been organized by a rank-and-file group known as the Inmates Activities Committee (IAC).

This "union" called public attention to itself when it submitted its first memorandum to Sheriff Matthew H. Carberry and with public relations finesse sent copies to the local press and radio stations, members of the grand jury, Congressmen, Assemblymen and the police commission. It is a model document: cool, specific, realistic and tough (convicts cannot very effectively strike, but frustration can move them to riot).

The principal grievance of IAC is racial discrimination in jobs and housing within the jail, a charge persuasively documented and for which remedies (including the firing of two prison officers) are succinctly outlined. Beyond this the memorandum demands, among other reforms, more and better food, improved bathing facilities, frequent changes of bed linen and clothing (many of the inmates do farm work) and the right to know how much money the jail commissary makes and to have a voice in the spending of it.

To a reader on the outside, the statement offers some surprises. One wonders who among its drafters cited as one sign of racial discrimination the fact that weekend movies are always shown in the predominantly Negro wing, whereas the white wing "escapes this inconvenience entirely." And who would have expected prisoners to recommend that an orientation course for supervisory personnel be conducted by the Community Relations Department of the San Francisco Police Department? The men who drafted this paper are intelligent, thoughtful, articulate and not without humor (in one paragraph, they deplore the use of cell toilets as iceboxes, however effective this "ingenious practice"). Of course, they may also be fearful villains, but if the Sheriff is a wise man he will have received their memorandum in the spirit in which it was written. As canny industrialists learned long ago, a self-respecting union is a wonderful device for keeping the plant operating smoothly. The IAC could make the operation of County Jail No. 2 a warden's dream of utopia; or, if its grievances are ignored, it could produce "labor unrest" of a peculiarly acute variety.

And the bloody minded need not worry that conditions will become too good for the scoundrels. The essence of jail is that the gate is locked; no amount of justice and common decency on the inside will make that fact more than endurable.

The Penance of Matthews

As an American institution, *The New York Times* is properly subject to evaluations which might be irrelevant or impertinent in relation to an ordinary newspaper. Every day, for every working journalist, how the *Times* judges news, how it reports news, what news it sees fit *not* to print, are facts that are themselves news. This is what makes Gay Talese's article in the November *Esquire*, "The Kingdoms, the Powers, and the Glories of *The New York Times*," such racy—and important—reading. It offers just the right combination of gossip, insight and vivid detail, seasoned with a touch of malice. But one item, buried in the body of the article, warrants special emphasis.

"The *Times*," writes Mr. Talese, "is quick to denounce the suppression of news and ideas, even when such may be contrary to its own editorial policy, and yet in recent years its news department has refused to print anything by Herbert L. Matthews, who now sits rather quietly in Room 1048 along a corridor of editorial writers."

Matthews became famous in the thirties with his reporting of the Spanish Civil War. He became famous again when he interviewed Fidel Castro, before Castro came to power. In 1963, he revisited Cuba—and Castro—and on his return, according to Talese, offered to do some articles; the offer was declined by the *Times* news department. Apparently the source of the embarrassment, on the *Times*'s side, is that Matthews in 1958 did not believe that Castro was a Communist, and even now believes that Castro was not *then* a Communist. However Matthews might handle the

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subject, the mere fact of this opinion, and the absence of a recantation, leave the implication that if the United States had managed matters differently Castro might never have become a Communist. He certainly would not have been a Yankee-style capitalist either, but there need have been no Communist island sticking into the Gulf of Mexico, no Bay of Pigs; fewer Cubans would have gone into exile and those who remained at home would have suffered less hardship.

Last spring, Matthews again returned to Cuba—it cannot be said that the *Times* is niggardly with travel allowances, even for employees who are not in the highest favor with those Talese calls "powerful princes in this church." He reacquainted himself with Castro and conditions in Cuba and, with his characteristic thoroughness, amassed 25,000 words of notes. On his return the news department again declined his offer to write articles. Nor, since he went representing the *Times,* is he free to write about Cuba for other publications—at least that is his position, naturally regretted by *The Nation* and other magazines whose editors would like to inform their readers of what is going on in Castro's island.

Matthews has said—we think correctly—that no news of consequence about Cuba is being regularly published in the United States today. The only American correspondent, representing the Associated Press, can get very little copy through his New York office. The general paucity of coverage may be due to the fact that there is an American market only for bad news (bad from the standpoint of the Castro regime and ordinary Cubans). And Matthews told one inquirer that he "found the situation infinitely better than the picture that has been presented to the public this year." Could that be the rub?

The notion that a particular land mass must become *terra incognita* if it is Washington's policy so to regard it, and therefore that nothing happening there, short of the assassination of its leader, could be news, is no doubt a natural governmental attitude in a time of permanent cold war. But *The New York Times* is not an arm of the government—that is one of the blessings for which Americans can still be thankful. Nor (see "When Is News News?" *The Nation,* June 20) should we forget that once before the *Times* decided not to publish a story about Cuba. Its editors had learned about the plans for the Bay of Pigs invasion, and President Kennedy later assured the executive editor and publisher that it would have been better for all concerned if the *Times* had told what it knew. It is not inconceivable that similar regrets may some day be voiced about the material accumulated by Herbert L. Matthews in 1963 and again in 1966. It is certainly to be regretted, today, that the output of a distinguished journalist with a long acquaintance of Latin American affairs is barred by the newspaper whose motto is, "All the news that's fit to print."

REAGAN vs. BROWN

How To Succeed with the Backlash

CAREY McWILLIAMS

California is in the throes of one of the most subtle and intensive racist political campaigns ever waged in a Northern or Western state. As Ronald Reagan admits privately, his chances of victory over Governor Edmund Brown lie in his ability to exploit overwhelming voter opposition to open-housing laws while building up and maintaining an image of moderation. The task isn't easy, but that it can be done was proved by Sen. George Murphy, who two years ago defeated the Democratic candidate, Pierre Salinger, in the face of a Johnson landslide, by exploiting the muted and evasive approval of Proposition 14, the initiative measure designed to pull the teeth of the Rumford Fair Housing Act and prohibit all future open-housing laws. Of course, Murphy wasn't quite the right winger that Reagan is—and was publicly seen to be, until Spencer-Roberts, the public relations managers, took him under their auspices.

Reagan began his retreat from liberalism more than a decade ago, after having noisily supported Helen Gahagan Douglas in her Senatorial race against Richard M. Nixon in 1950. He stamped himself as an all-out convert to the right-wing cause when he managed Loyd Wright's forlorn primary campaign against Sen. Thomas Kuchel in 1962. Wright once called for preventive war against Russia; and he sees civil rights as a part of the Communist conspiracy. Two years later, Reagan plunged into the Goldwater primary campaign so wholeheartedly that Spencer-Roberts, then managing the Rockefeller campaign in California, referred to him as an extremist. During the Presidential race, his carefully worded phrases on such subjects as voluntary social security, the United Nations, Supreme Court decisions and violence in the streets made Reagan the darling of the right wingers. He sent them into ecstasies with his artful radio and TV performances, and they launched his gubernatorial campaign the day after the election. Reagan was appropriately coy, but after the proper arm twisting he announced that he would yield to public demand. He tested that demand through state-wide tours, and in announcing his candidacy said that one of the prime issues was civil rights. He got the pre-primary backing of all reactionary GOP groups, including the Neanderthal Young Republicans, thus insuring victory in the primary over moderate George Christopher, former Mayor of San Francisco, but his backers knew that he would need a more moderate image for the general election. Spencer-Roberts came in to do the job, and in an enthusiastic moment one of its executives said that the agency was going to make Reagan the John V. Lindsay of California. That's quite an order, but the real problem is to make Reagan palatable to the middle-of-the-road voters without offending the Right.

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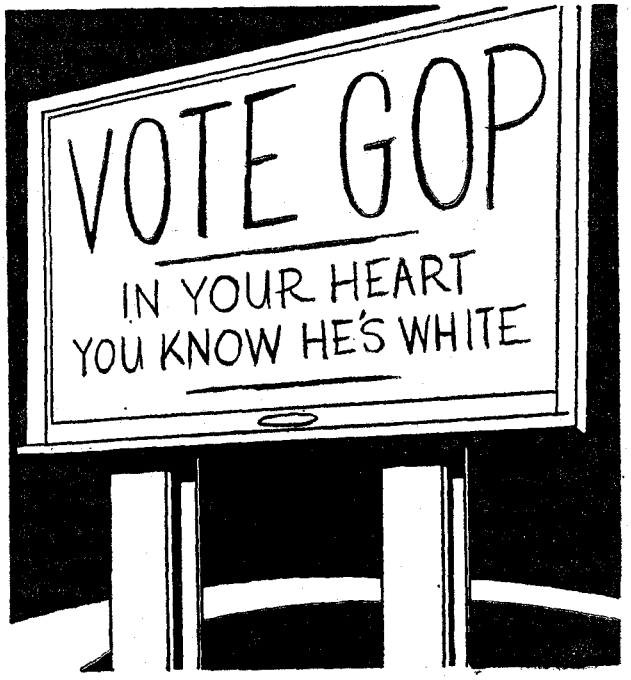
Apparently Reagan discussed the problem with his friend and political associate, former Rep. John Rousselot, the John Birch public relations man, because he confided in an unguarded moment at a pre-primary gathering that "John" was quite a good fellow who was willing to help in any way he could from publicly denouncing the Reagan candidacy to outright endorsement. In the ensuing ruckus, Reagan dismissed the statement as a wry joke of his own making. His official position is that he will not denounce the John Birchers, nor will he solicit John Birch support, but that he will support known John Birch members who are Republican candidates. If elected, he says, he will appoint "qualified" John Birchers to office. He says that if Birchers support him it is because they subscribe to his program and not he to theirs. It is no secret that the Birch brass is lined up solidly behind him and that reactionaries such as Walter Knott and Henry Salvatori and John McCone are in his corner. He has avoided the embarrassment of having Goldwater or Sen. Strom Thurmond campaign for him by saying that he doesn't think it proper for out-of-state people to advise Californians on political choices.

Reagan's bid for the middle-of-the-road vote consists of taking ambiguous stands on public issues. He's all for voluntarism, including a voluntary box-office tax to be levied by theatres to help the movie industry; he sees such a tax as a way to ward off the horror of government subsidy to the producers. He approves the social security system, but thinks it is possible to "let some young men who are just starting make [voluntary] arrangements," since they won't be able to take as much out as they might put in. He approves voluntary action to stamp out pornography, but supports an "anti-obscenity" initiative measure called "CLEAN" that is so unbelievably bad it has earned the condemnation of the Council of Churches, the State Bar, all leading newspapers, the state's district attorneys, and even that of the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, who agrees with all knowledgeable lawyers that it is unconstitutional. (See "California's Dirty Book Caper" by William Wingfield, *The Nation*, April 18.) "Constitutional or not," says Mr. Reagan, "if this measure is voted down, my opponent might take this to mean that the people of California are not opposed to pornography." What *that* means is anybody's guess.

Of course Reagan is for tax reform and against tax increases, but if we must have increased taxation, he's all for a raise in sales taxes. What he regards as turmoil at the University of California pains him; he wants an investigation of the school under the leadership of former CIA Chief John McCone. He's opposed to right-to-work laws for California, but he wants to keep Section 14(B) in federal laws so that states may have a free choice. Welfare payments are too high, in his opinion, and he would reduce them by putting relief recipients to work at tasks unspecified.

By his own say-so, Reagan is opposed to bigotry and racial prejudice, but he's also opposed to civil rights legislation. Republican Attorney General Edward W. Brooke of Massachusetts, a Senatorial candidate and a Negro, heard him try to explain his position for about an hour: "It was all vague and hazy," Brooke said later. "I don't think he thinks very well. I couldn't always make out what he was driving at except that he was trying to tell me that although he wouldn't have signed the [1964] Civil Rights Bill he was a friend of the Negroes. He seemed embarrassed." The "umbrella issue" dominating all other campaign issues, says Reagan, is that old Goldwater chestnut "morality in government"; the details are not defined, but it is apparent that morality in government will be furthered by the election of all Republican candidates. This bland diet doesn't excite the voters, and Reagan's managers know it. But they believe that if they can present him as a reasonable man, he will win his share of middle-of-the-road votes, and the undertow of opposition to open housing will land him in Sacramento.

The potency of the fair-housing issue in the election is a political gift to Reagan from Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, Brown's Democratic primary opponent. Yorty was wooing Negroes and liberals in 1964 and opposed



Renault, Frontier; Ben Roth

Proposition 14 when it appeared on the ballot; but as soon as the measure scored its victory by a greater margin than President Johnson's triumph over Goldwater, he changed his strategy, taking to TV and radio in the last three weeks of the primary campaign to charge that "Brown's supreme court"—Brown has appointed six of the seven justices—had made up its mind to invalidate Proposition 14 and was waiting until after the primary to announce its decision. Alarmed real estate brokers and their friends and lower-middle-class and working-class Californians who had formed the backbone of Proposition 14 support began to rally around Yorty. Reagan's stock also shot up; most Republicans had favored the proposition when it was on the ballot and Reagan now appeared as their champion in contrast to the moderate Christopher.

When the court did overturn the initiative, Yorty appeared as a prophetic opponent of open housing, and Reagan loomed as the man upon whom Republicans would

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have to depend to safeguard their homes against the specter of Negro invasion. As an incumbent, Brown was able to turn back Yorty's bid, though by a reduced margin; Christopher didn't stand a chance. Pollsters, who sensed and commented on the swift tide that ran in favor of Yorty and Reagan in the last two weeks of the primary campaign, professed perplexity at its cause. There was no mystery: a strong racial factor had been introduced in the campaign. The same thing was to happen in Maryland and in Georgia a few weeks later.

As soon as the California supreme court announced its decision, the California Real Estate Association (CREA) said it would carry the case to the United States Supreme Court, but California enemies of open housing fear that the Supreme Court won't reverse the state court. They want in Sacramento somebody who, if Proposition 14 is really dead, will lead a fight for *legislative* repeal of the fair-housing acts, which remain in full force by reason of the invalidation. That somebody is Ronald Reagan; certainly not Governor Brown, the man who signed the Rumford Fair Housing Act and who opposed Proposition 14.

But Reagan can't afford to put all his eggs in the open-housing basket; too many voters are tied to Brown on varied issues. Even those tempted to vote against the Governor because of the housing question might not bring themselves to vote for a Goldwater right winger or a Reagan who favored retention of Section 14 (B) or opposed social security or because of his stand on welfare issues. That's the reason for the Reagan all-things-to-all-men stance. There is also no doubt that Reagan has his eyes fixed on national objectives. As an ambitious Northern politician he has to pay at least lip service to civil rights: you ride the backlash, you don't champion it.

Reagan's tactics are simple. He insists that civil rights is a campaign issue—"one of the three or four most important issues," he says—and he rejected out of hand Brown's proposal that open-housing legislation be referred to a nonpartisan committee. But he stops short after making it plain that he will propose and support repeal of existing fair-housing laws. He offers no affirmative civil rights program, a stand in keeping with the public mood of halting all further equalitarian action. The calculation of the Reagan backers is that it is up to Brown to take the initiative on civil rights issues and that the Governor dare not do so because his every proposal will only stimulate the white backlash. As one of the actor's advisers put it, Reagan has a basic residual interest in civil rights issues "even when he is not saying a damn word about it."

Whenever civil rights problems are broached, Reagan bristles with self-righteousness, proclaims that he is not a bigot, and says that he utterly abhors racial discrimination. He stormed out of a pre-primary meeting last spring with his heart beating on his sleeve because he said he had been accused of bigotry. Whenever he can find an opening, he brands "bigots" as "sick people." His cure for their ailment is "voluntary action" and he said after the recent San Francisco disturbances that the Governor hasn't adequately explored voluntary action as a remedy for urban disorders. Reagan has never defined "voluntary action."

Reagan is also reaping a harvest from various attempts to void the Rumford Fair Housing Act and punish its supporters. After the California court had invalidated Proposition 14, Reagan supporters in the CREA set up a dummy organization headed by aging lawyer Frank Doherty who had spearheaded opposition to a fair-employment initiative way back in 1946. The Doherty organization announced grandiose plans to gather 292,662 valid signatures to force legislative repeal of open-housing laws. The calculated effect of the announcement and consequent widespread publicity was to pinpoint Reagan as an opponent of fair-housing laws and to underscore Brown's approval of such legislation. Shortly afterward, a usually reliable poll reported that 72 per cent of California voters "believe that a property owner has the right to discriminate any way he sees fit in the sale or rental of his property." However, the repeal initiative never got off the ground and has been abandoned, largely because its backers think that legislative repeal is in the offing without it. It had served its purpose in the Reagan campaign.

CREA has polled every Assembly and Senatorial candidate in the state as to his stand on repeal of open-housing laws, and rumor has it that an overwhelming majority have signed on the dotted line for repeal, another undercover maneuver that aids Reagan by emphasizing his leadership in the repeal program. A Reagan supporter has noted with impeccable logic that "you don't elect a legislature to repeal a law and then choose a governor who will veto the repeal." CREA president Burt Smith told reporters at its recent convention that the association will mount a major campaign to repeal the Rumford Act. He added that it would be "awfully naive" to assume that open-housing laws would not have "a major effect on the race for governor," but added somewhat archly that "as an association" CREA would not endorse either candidate.

Another ploy that aids Reagan is a campaign to punish the four supreme court justices who voted to invalidate the housing initiative and who must seek election in November. Under California law, a justice's name appears on the ballot with the question as to whether or not he shall be retained in office. He has no opponent, but if the vote is negative, the governor appoints a successor. The right wingers are out in the open to oust the four justices so that, as they say, "Reagan can appoint a new supreme court." He has not seen fit to denounce that bigoted appeal to discipline judges for their faithfulness to their oaths of office.

The biggest boost to Reagan's evident attempt to win the anti-civil rights vote came on October 4, when the Republican Coordinating Committee and former President Eisenhower demanded a crack-down on what they called "rampant crime in our cities and on the streets" and on "violence and mob madness." (See editorial, "Party Politics and Race," *The Nation,* October 17, p. 371.) As the *Los Angeles Times* Washington bureau chief noted, the statement "made some strong Republican campaign medicine, dispensed at a moment when reaction against racial violence and disorder is a potent factor in many Congressional and gubernatorial races." Reagan took his cue quickly and rapped Brown for "failing to exhibit the leadership required to forestall riots." He added, "We must not recog-

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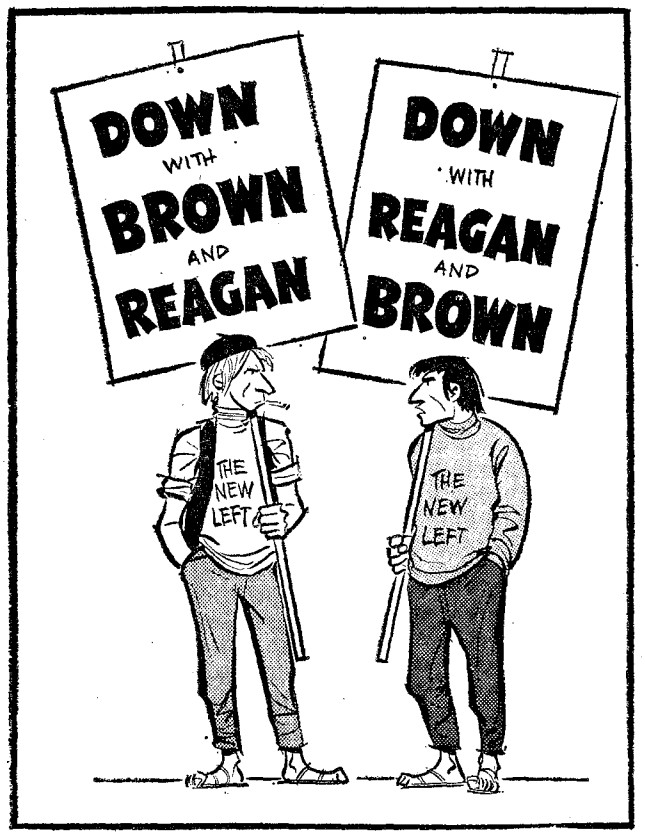
nize the rioters"—a code phrase which means that demands for reform made by demonstrators must be rejected out of hand.

Governor Brown's counter to the racist campaign isn't very high-minded, and it is hard to gauge its effectiveness. He panicked when the state supreme court threw out the housing initiative and proposed a moratorium on enforcement of state fair-housing laws until the United States Supreme Court had acted. When the fatuity of that course dawned on him, he announced that he would appoint a nonpartisan commission to examine the Rumford Fair Housing Act and the objections to it. He has named the committee, and the inference is that he will recommend whatever changes it proposes—if any. Later, he suggested that open-housing laws be dropped as a campaign issue, an obviously absurd suggestion as far as Reagan is concerned. Meanwhile, the Governor bowed to Sam Yorty's insistence and pushed through the legislature an anti-riot bill that is so badly drafted as to be little short of incoherent. In general, the Governor and the Democrats had been playing down civil rights and hoping for the best, when the San Francisco riots put the issue on the front pages. Brown's swift action in calling out the guard in San Francisco probably won him some friends among fearful whites.

Negroes cast about 90 per cent of their ballots for Brown in the primary. Despite dissatisfaction and grumbling over what they regard as the Governor's failure to fight for the civil rights in which he believes, the chances are that Reagan will get less than 10 per cent of the Negro vote. Brown will get 90 per cent, and a small percentage of Negroes will go fishing. But Negro voters will cast only 4 or 5 per cent of the total vote on November 8, and they can't rescue Brown if the anti-civil rights current is running as wide and deep then as it is now.



Alexander; San Francisco Examiner

Just how strong that current will be depends to a great extent on labor. Union brass is all out for Brown, who won his first two elections on the strength of labor, lower-middle-class and minority support. But the California white workmen and lower-middle-class citizens are bitterly opposed to open housing, just as they were shown to be in Maryland and as they obviously are in Chicago. Los Angeles' CIO suburbs contributed crushing majorities for Proposition 14 two years ago, far heavier majorities than came out of the middle-class and upper-class suburbs. The southeast working-class and lower-middle-class suburbs of Los Angeles are concentrated in the 23rd Congressional District, where Democrats outnumber Republicans by one and a half to one, but are represented by a Republican dullard, Rep. Dell Clawson, who stays in office because his consistent votes against all civil rights legislation reflect the sentiments of his constituents. The district is heavily unionized. Unless Governor Brown can find some potent issues to outweigh this obsessive fear of open housing, he is in grave danger.

Every informed Californian knows how deep-running is the undercurrent of racism in the gubernatorial campaign. The *New York Times* California news bureau commented on September 29 that "many California votes on November 8 hinge on feelings among electors about the racial backgrounds of their neighbors, about nondiscriminatory sale or rental of property, about the Watts riots of last year and racial violence everywhere." The *Los Angeles Times*'s Richard Bergholz said last July 5 that there are "those in both parties who will tell you that race relations is the one campaign issue that can tip the scales against everything else." At the same time he reported that Richard Nixon told Republicans, "I want everyone in California to believe that [Lieutenant Governor] Glenn Anderson was responsible for Watts." The reference was to Anderson's supposed reluctance to call out the national guard during the Watts disturbances. Bergholz added that Brown's refusal to back away from support of the Rumford Act "may frighten more voters who are already resentful of Negro militancy and who don't like their mandate on Proposition 14 nullified by some judges and politicians." It is to the obvious advantage of those who want Reagan elected to fish in these troubled waters and to trouble the waters to make fishing good.

The Ronald Reagan campaign is more, much more, than a mere Republican Party effort to elect a governor. Essentially, it is a carefully contrived campaign to strengthen and perpetuate right-wing control of the GOP machinery. Top-level decisions are not being made by titular heads of the party or by Spencer-Roberts. The Republican Party label is invaluable, and party leaders must be buttered up and kept content; Spencer-Roberts' job is to package the candidate and make him salable. The crafty politicians who are directing the Reagan campaign are at once stage-managing and taking full advantage of every possible racist maneuver that will benefit their candidate, not because they are bigots or racists per se but because they think they have a winning issue that will cement their control

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of the Republican Party. They were the architects of the move to put the legislative repeal initiative of fair-housing laws on the November ballot; they now encourage and further the drive to oust the supreme court justices who voted to invalidate Proposition 14; they stimulated the CREA to put legislators on record as favoring repeal of the Rumford Fair Housing Act and engineered the association's tacit endorsement of Reagan; they helped whip up the recent national attack by the Republican Party on "crime in our cities and in our streets."

Ronald Reagan knows what's going on. But he wants to be governor. He's willing to do whatever is necessary to achieve that ambition, no matter what his private sentiments are. On October 6, he told a cheering CREA convention that Negro complainants who alleged discrimination in housing had made "staged attempts to rent homes, when in truth there was no real intention of renting, only of causing trouble." Thereafter, he said, the "state commission acted as accuser, judge and jury." After criticizing the courts for overruling the people's "constitutional right to put an end to" what he called these unfair practices, he wound up by saying that "the right of an individual to the ownership and disposition of property is inseparable from the right of freedom itself." He got a standing ovation from the real estate brokers. There will be more of this kind of demagogy as the campaign comes to a climax, with Reagan using code words and phrases to let the electorate know his right-wing stand on racial issues without his having to voice outright racist sentiments.

There won't be much plain talk from Californians about the racism that they know permeates the Brown-Reagan contest. Most of them won't talk about it at all if they can escape it. They don't want the nation to know—they don't want to admit to themselves—that the number-one state may elect Ronald Reagan governor in order to "keep the Negro in his place."

THE 'CULTURE' RIOTS

MAO AT BAY

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

Mr. Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

Accumulating evidence about recent events in China makes it increasingly clear that Peking is now emerging from a deep and grave political crisis, which was partly concealed behind the dramatics of the "cultural revolution." The Chinese Communist Party is in disarray. At least since the early summer, large and influential sections of its hierarchy have been in revolt against Mao Tse-tung and his policies. Peking speaks openly of Right, Left and Center factions struggling against one another within the party, and although the official spokesmen do not identify the programs and the leaders of the factions, the admission itself is unprecedented in post-revolutionary China.

At the plenary session of the Central Committee, held in Peking in the first half of August, Mao found himself in a minority, and was either outvoted or was on the point of being outvoted. He then carried out a coup against the majority by staging the "cultural revolution" — that is, he mobilized and incited a huge mass of rowdy school children and undergraduates against the party hierarchy. In this way he cut short a crucial debate in the Central Committee that was turning against him. If Mao had brandished the school children as his chief striking force, the coup would have been merely farcical, but he also threatened to use the army against the party: that was the meaning of the sudden promotion, in the second half of August, of Marshal Lin Piao to the position of Mao's second in command.

The reports that have come out to us indicate that all aspects of Mao's policy, domestic and foreign, were under attack; but the main issue was his stubborn refusal to open any negotiations with the present Soviet leaders. Mao's critics demanded resumption of talks with Moscow; and he was bent on obtaining from the Central Committee a resolution decrying on principle any "united front," i.e., any coordinated action with the Russians over the war in Vietnam or over any other aspect of Communist policy. The Soviet leaders, so the Maoist argument ran, are stooges of American imperialism, bent on bringing the Vietnamese Communists to the conference table with the Americans and then selling them down the river. Peking must go on pressing the Vietnamese to fight to the bitter end, as the Maoists fought in the 1940s, without entering into peace parleys with any foreign invader. Mao obtained his resolution from the Central Committee, but only after a showdown.

And that is not all. Mao insists that China, though it must do nothing to provoke a war with the United States, must prepare economically, politically and militarily for American attack. In case of war, he holds, China must fall back upon its tradition of partisan fighting, the strategy that can neutralize the technological superiority of any invader, and that allowed Mao's armies, in the Yenan period, to hold out and to win against Chiang Kai-shek, the Japanese and in the last instance, the Americans as well. The whole of China is in effect being converted to something like the Yenan regime. Administrative units, economic regions and military establishments are to achieve a degree of self-sufficiency and decentralization that will allow them to carry on under American bombardment, without orders and instructions from the center. A transformation so profound is bound to affect the nation's entire social and economic life. It renders centralized national planning and industrialization in the Soviet style virtually impossible; it is certain to reduce the rate of economic growth, to obstruct efficiency and to lower living standards. Such a policy inevitably produces discontent, frustration and opposition.

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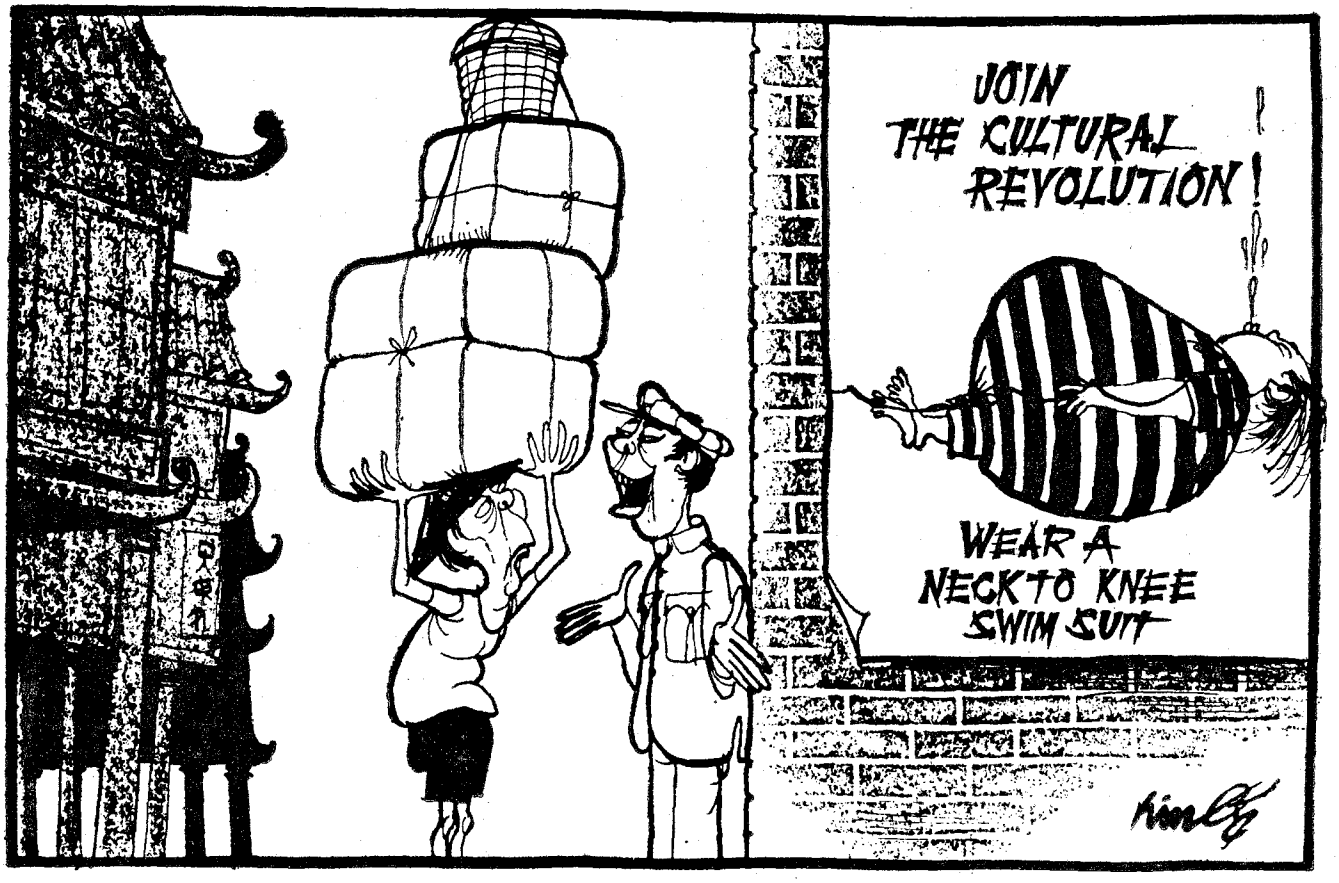
Mao evokes the heroic spirit of Yenan and denounces every manifestation of opposition as a variety of Khrushchevite revisionism. It is more likely than not that quite a few people in the party hierarchy have been in secret sympathy with the Russian revisionism, although Khrushchev's economic reprisals against China must have dampened their enthusiasm. But revisionism is at present not the sole or even the main issue. To judge by what Peking says of the divisions within the party, Mao is opposed from both sides, from a left wing as well as from a right; but, like Stalin in this respect, he finds it convenient to lump them all together under the single discrediting label of revisionism. It is thus most improbable that Liu Shao-chi, who until August acted as Mao's second in command, should have voiced any "revisionist" ideas. Throughout the Russo-Chinese controversy he has voiced irreconcilable hostility to Khrushchevism, and the party hierarchy has seen him as the spokesman of the Left. Yet Liu Shao-chi has been Mao's chief antagonist in the latest phase of the struggle: he has been demoted since August, although he still remains China's President, and he has not yet uttered a single word in support of the "cultural revolution." To some extent the more opportunistic Chou En-lai also appears to have opposed Mao's policy; and although the Premier associated himself with the "cultural revolution," he did so rather ambiguously, in order to pour cold water on the fervor of the "Red Guards." Liu Shao-chi, Chou En-lai and their numerous adherents could not fail to feel humiliated when Mao set China's youth upon them.

The clash has been primarily over matters of high policy. Liu Shao-chi, for all his previous Maoist orthodoxy, appears to have become critical of the way Mao has been handling the conflict with Moscow. And, indeed, a strong case can be made from the orthodox point of view against Mao's present tactics. He is clearly overstating and thus rendering incredible the Chinese case when he charges the Russians not merely with acting against China's interests but with restoring capitalism in the Soviet Union and working hand in glove with the Americans against North Vietnam. He is further overreaching himself when he refuses to contemplate any united front with the Russians.

The obvious fact is that even if Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin were as eager for collusion with American imperialism as Mao says they are, they have not been able to practice it. Despite the *détente,* Russo-American antagonism remains a basic factor in world relations, and this creates the objective possibility (and from a Communist viewpoint the imperative need) for joint Soviet-Chinese action. By refusing such action Mao weakens China's position and brings on himself the odium for the break in the Communist camp. His tactics are ultra-Left rather than Left; and his radical verbiage and the fireworks of the "cultural revolution" conceal a policy which is essentially passive and inert. Liu Shao-chi and his adherents argue that Peking needs a more flexible policy precisely in the interest of anti-revisionism, and that the Chinese party should press the Russians relentlessly for joint action over Vietnam. The argument is sound enough. Indeed, not since the early



King, Daily Telegraph (Australia): Ben Roth

"No, you're in the Street-of-the-Great-Leap-Forward-of-the-People's-Commune. You want the Street-of-Mao's-Epic-Swim-Against-the-Cruel-Current-of-the-Decadent-West."

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thirties, when the German Communist Party refused to join hands with the Social Democrats against the Nazis, has any Communist party committed as many dangerous and even suicidal mistakes as Mao is committing at present.

In recent years, these issues have been repeatedly debated among the Chinese leaders. *Hongqi (The Red Flag)* speaks of a Right deviation that came to light at the Central Committee's session in 1962; of another, a leftist deviation, in 1964; and of "errors in matters of orientation and political line," committed by unnamed party leaders in the current year. It is no accident that the Central Committee was not convened for four full years — Mao was evidently not sure that he could muster enough support for his line. Even now his mouthpieces speak of an "unprecedentedly strong resistance" to his policy. Significantly, the workers and peasants have taken no part in the "cultural revolution"; *Renmin Ribao (The People's Daily)* has even warned them not to interfere with the school children and the students who were its sole actors. Foreign correspondents in Peking tell of widespread clashes between the students and factory workers, and *Pravda* has described fights between party men and "Red Guards." Even if these reports have exaggerated the turbulence, they carry enough circumstantial evidence to leave no doubt that the whole political structure of China has been convulsed.

And if this were not enough, *Renmin Ribao* testifies to how severe the showdown has been and how far it still is from being concluded: "Die-hards who take the capitalist road have absurdly identified their authority over party organizations in various localities with . . . the party's authority," the paper says. "The party organization of any locality that goes against . . . the Central Committee and . . . Comrade Mao Tse-tung . . . must be opposed. . . . We shall . . . crush those persons in authority who have taken the road leading toward the restoration of capitalism." Who are those "persons in authority"? Echoes of the Russian great purges of the 1930s reverberate in these threats.

It may be asked, then, was the "cultural revolution," which was proclaimed to the deafening accompaniment of all China's drums and gongs, nothing but a huge riot designed to help Mao swamp and crush an inner party opposition? Did it have no wider meaning?

Reading the endless official reports on the "cultural upsurge of the masses," one may be tempted to dismiss it as mere farce. The Chinese News Agency has described in detail the "fierce offensive against all old ideas, culture, customs and habits" that the "Red Guards have brought out into the streets of Peking since August 20." But one looks in vain for any clues as to what the new ideas and the new cultural customs and habits may be. In the name of Marxism and Leninism, the Guards have denounced Balzac and Victor Hugo, Shakespeare and Beethoven, as the products of a rotting bourgeois culture; they have defaced Pushkin's monument in Shanghai, and have voiced their contempt for the works of Chernyshevsky and Herzen, the progenitors of the Russian revolutionary movement. Peking's "cultural revolutionaries" are, it seems, quite unaware of Marx's lifelong admiration for Shakespeare and Balzac; of Lenin's love for Pushkin and Beethoven, and of the formative influence Chernyshevsky had on him.

We have been presented with long lists of streets and boulevards, the names of which have been changed from "Eternal Peace" to "The East is Red," from "Well of the Prince's Palace" to "Prevent Revisionism," from "Glorious Square" to "Support Vietnam," and so on. We are asked to rejoice in the fact that certain culinary establishments are no longer called "Collection of All Virtues," but "Peking Roast Duck Restaurants." Hosts of hairdressers and dressmakers have pledged themselves to produce no more outlandish styles: "duck tail" haircuts and "spiraling" hairdos, or cowboy jeans, tight-fitting shirts and blouses and various kinds of Hong Kong skirts. "We should not regard these matters lightly," the Chinese Agency says gravely, "because it is here that the gates to capitalist restoration are wide open."

Undertaking the all too easy task of ridiculing these exploits, the Soviet press has harked back to *Proletkult*, the Russian literary and artistic movement of the early years of the revolution, which renounced bourgeois art and promised to create a proletarian culture. A writer in *Pravda* has named Trotsky as the inspirer of *Proletkult*; an attribution presumably designed to make both *Proletkult* and the Chinese "cultural revolution" stink in our nostrils. The truth is that by comparison with the Chinese riot, *Proletkult*, which was akin to Western European futurism of those years, was an almost civilized affair; it was supported by Bukharin and Lunacharsky, while Trotsky, far from being its inspirer, wrote a whole book, *Literature and Revolution*, to repudiate it. *Pravda* could have found a much more contemporary parallel to recent events in China: in the late 1940s and early 1950s, Stalin, Zhdanov and *Pravda*'s writers "disciplined" the intelligentsia, thundered against "kowtowing to decadent Western culture," banned the works of Einstein, Freud, Mendel and many other foreign thinkers, and indulged in a hysterical glorification of all things Russian.

Pravda avoids drawing that parallel because even now Russia has not fully lived down the effect of that period, and quite a few of the old bans are still in force. But the parallel is close enough; and it suggests that the Maoist "cultural revolution" is a deadly serious affair. Its effect on China's spiritual and intellectual life will, in all probability, be just as devastating and lasting as were the consequences of the Stalinist witch hunts. Its political meaning is also comparable. Like Russia in the last years of the Stalin era, China has now plunged headlong into a self-centered isolationism and nationalism and has shut itself off more hermetically than ever from all outside world political and cultural influences. To achieve this Mao had to organize a pogrom of the intelligentsia whom he suspects of being vulnerable to foreign, especially "revisionist," influences.

This is not to say that the developments foreshadow a new, aggressive phase in China's foreign policy. True, in the last few weeks Peking and Shanghai have resounded with cries for the liberation of Taiwan (Formosa), Macao and Hong Kong. But nothing indicates that Marshal Lin Piao is preparing marching orders, even though all Chinese, Communist and anti-Communist, Maoist and anti-Maoist, consider these territories part of their country.

China is even less ready than was Russia in Stalin's last

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years for warlike adventures or territorial expansion. Its ideological aggressiveness and shrill contempt for Western values are manifestations of an intensely self-defensive mood and a sense of complete isolation in a hostile world. Since Khrushchev ruthlessly canceled all economic assistance to China in 1960, that sense of isolation has grown heavy and stifling; and recent setbacks—above all the collapse of the pro-Maoist Communist Party of Indonesia and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of its members—have aggravated it. Despite Peking's thunderous rhetoric about the "rising wave of revolution in Asia," events in Indonesia mark a deep ebb of revolution and a disaster for Maoism. The defection of the Japanese and North Korean Communist parties from the Chinese camp are further setbacks, and the ambiguous behavior of the North Vietnamese, who are more than ever dependent on Soviet aid, is causing discomfort to Peking. Above all, the Chinese believe that the threat of an American attack on their country is real and imminent.

One way of getting out of the isolation would be to try a reconciliation with Khrushchev's successors in Moscow. But since Mao Tse-tung has ruled this out, he has had to contrive some extra-powerful booster to national morale. Three nuclear explosions have demonstrated China's new technological capacity to the nation and the world; but this feat is not enough to dispel the malaise, for many Chinese realize at what cost, and under what backbreaking handicaps, their nation has entered, so belatedly, the nuclear arms race. Nor does Maoism offer China the pride of rapid industrialization that Stalinism once gave Russia: China's tempo of economic advance is relatively much slower. The "cultural revolution," and an almost mystical apotheosis of Maoism, are to provide moral compensation for all these disappointments and frustrations.

It can be said in advance that the "positive" effect of this booster shot to national morale will be short-lived, but that its adverse consequences will be felt for a long time. The party, its hierarchy and cadres, will not soon recover from the humiliation the "Red Guards" have inflicted on them. The old intelligentsia—the scientists and the technicians, but especially the writers and artists—who have been associated with the broad current of the Maoist revolution and have directed the educational work among the masses since 1949, are being degraded and eliminated from their posts. They have not, yet, been destroyed as Stalin destroyed their Russian counterparts, but they are forced to make room for a new intelligentsia, one brought up since the revolution and thus having far fewer ties with either their own native cultural tradition or the heritage of the outside world.

To some extent, this change of generations is inevitable in any post-revolutionary society, but when it is carried out as abruptly, brutally and demagogically as it was in Stalinist Russia, and now in China, the nation suffers losses it can ill afford: a gap in its cultural consciousness, a lowering of standards and an impoverishment of spiritual life. Post-Stalinist Russia is still smarting from such losses, and Maoist and post-Maoist China will be hurt similarly for years to come.

'THE RUSSIANS FAKED IT'

DANIEL COHEN
Mr. Cohen is a free-lance writer specializing in scientific subjects.

While he was President, Harry Truman never believed that the Soviet Union had developed the atom bomb. The Russians announced they had tested the bomb; U.S. Government scientists confirmed the Soviet test and Truman himself announced it to the American public — but he never believed it. He just didn't think the Russians were capable of that level of scientific and technical development.

Most Americans, knowing nothing of Truman's doubts, took his announcement at face value, but many consoled themselves with lurid tales of stolen atomic secrets. Without the traitors and spies, the thinking ran, the Reds could never have built the bomb. The notion that the Russians are backward peasants skilled only in trickery and deceit, and that communism is incompatible with scientific or technological development, has deep roots in the American consciousness.

In 1957, I asked a Congressman from central Illinois about reports that the Russians had been testing powerful rockets. He assured me, and I think he was sincere, that he had definite information that these reports were false. Besides, he confided, the Reds simply weren't able to do that sort of thing. This incident has stuck in my mind because a few weeks later I watched a bulletin announcing the launching of the first sputnik come in over the news wire.

Sputnik was a real shock to most Americans. There could be no talk of stolen secrets, for as one scientist remarked, "if they are stealing our secrets, where are the carbon copies?" That shiny metal grapefruit circling the earth panicked America into an enormously expensive space program which changed the face of large sectors of the economy; and into a well-intentioned, but often confused "crash program" for education. And things got worse. There was a sputnik with a dog inside, then a sputnik large enough to be seen from the ground with the naked eye, then lunik, sending back photos of the dark side of the moon. Meanwhile back on earth the U.S. space program was experiencing a series of well-publicized humiliations. In a few months the backward-peasant view of Russia had received a critical wound.

Of course, there was talk of German missile scientists directing the peasants, but since the head of our Army rocket program, the only one getting anything into orbit in those early days, was Wernher von Braun, it was cold comfort. So some people fell back upon the belief that those sneaky peasants had faked the whole thing. Well perhaps not the whole thing, because you could get up early in the morn-

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ing and see a Russian satellite streaking across the sky — but they faked the important parts. While the United States was engaged in a serious program of scientific research, the Soviets were orbiting gaudy but unimportant propaganda baubles. Now, nine years into the era of artificial satellites, this argument has lost much of its force, but it is by no means completely dead. Last January, *Science and Mechanics* magazine splashed these words all over its front cover: "Exclusive! Proof that the Russians Faked Their 'Space Walk.'" It was the beginning of a lengthy three-part "exposé."

Clearly the series was a success because in the June issue the magazine presented: "A Startling Sequel! Exclusive. The 'Manned' Soviet Space Flights That Were Never Manned!" It was another three-part series. The November issue had a similar exclusive. "Proof That Red Missiles Can *Not* Destroy Our Cities" was the screaming headline on the cover. In addition the magazine offered its readers all the articles "greatly expanded" in book form.

The author of these remarkable exclusives was Lloyd Mallan, a prolific writer on space and military subjects and the most active supporter of "the Russians faked it" school. In 1959, Mallan had written another three-part series, "The Big Red Lie," for *True* magazine. In it he claimed that the Soviets had not only faked portions of their space program but had also grossly exaggerated all their scientific, military, educational and industrial progress as well. Russia, he said, was a backward country. It was a very comforting thesis to the man in the corner bar who believed passionately that communism and slavery were synonymous and that America could beat the Reds with one hand tied behind its back. Because he was so sure of American superiority, this man, in his more reckless moments, had been wondering out loud what the double-domes in Washington were waiting for. Why not just drop the bomb on Moscow and get it over with?

Because of his *True* series, Mallan became a popular lecturer and TV and radio personality, and in 1960 he was off again, this time charging in *Popular Photography* that the Russians had faked the shots of the dark side of the moon.

Mallan's technique of proof is simple. He plays the tough-minded observer who doesn't trust the Russian scientists, or the American scientists either. He thinks that our government knows the Russians are faking but for some obscure reason is keeping it a secret. He seems unable to recall that in the past the government has cheerfully pointed out Soviet satellite failures that the Soviets themselves failed to announce.

If there is something about the Russian space program that he cannot understand Mallan jumps to the conclusion that it is faked, no matter what anybody else says. An example of this technique appears in the February, 1966, issue of *Science and Mechanics*. Two photos are run side by side. The first shows U.S. astronaut Edward White floating in space. The reader is asked to "note the swirls and loops of umbilical cable." The second photo is from the "Red's film alleging to show cosmonaut Leonov in space. Note strange kinks and sharp bends in umbilical cable." This is to show that the very dramatic films of cosmonaut Alexi Leonov "walking" in space are nothing but a bit of clever trick

photography used to fool the world and humiliate the United States. Indeed, the appearance of the umbilical in the White and Leonov photos is quite different, and this might puzzle and impress the ordinary reader who would never connect the Leonov pictures with photos taken of Eugene Cernan, the second American to "walk" in space. These photos show Cernan's umbilical with more kinks and sharp bends than Leonov's.

In another piece of photographic evidence, Mallan points out that both the floating Leonov and the clouds behind him are in perfect focus. This he implies is photographically impossible. Yet during the Gemini 9 flight, when the U.S. astronauts photographed the target vehicle that was orbiting near their capsule, both it and the clouds behind came out in perfect focus. All Mallan has really shown is that photographic interpretation is far from an exact science, and that when photographs taken with unfamiliar equipment under alien conditions are examined by people without any special knowledge, any sort of interpretation may result.

In order to fill six articles with "startling evidence" that the Soviets faked their entire manned space program Mallan really has to strain. Since he will not accept the word of anyone connected with either the U.S. or Soviet space program, and since practically no private individuals have the equipment to conduct extensive space studies, his field of research is drastically limited. Therefore, he sets out to examine the persistent rumors that several Russian cosmonauts were killed in unsuccessful space flights. These reports have never been given credence by any officials in Washington or Moscow, so they are a perfect area for Mallan's investigation. If the Russians did die in space then

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the Soviets do have a space program — if the stories are false then, Mallan reasons, the entire manned-space program is suspect.

The rumors got their start long before Yuri Gagarin became the first man to orbit the earth. Strangely, the source for one of them was the London *Daily Worker*. Three days before the Gagarin flight the paper headlined an exclusive story claiming that a Russian cosmonaut had made three orbits but had returned suffering grievously from the effects of his flight. The story was exclusive, all right, since the Russians denied it. Late in 1959, Continentale, an Italian news agency, released a story that four cosmonauts, one a woman, had been killed on unsuccessful space flights. Late in 1960, two young brothers, Achille and Gian Battista Judica-Cordeglia, claimed to have picked up several distress messages from Russian cosmonauts at their amateur space-tracking station in Turin. One came from two men and a woman who were hopelessly circling the earth without hope of return. This story received worldwide publicity, and as late as 1965 was picked up in *Reader's Digest* in an article entitled "Italy's Amazing Amateur Space Watchers." The author of the article, J. D. Ratcliff, added that the distress signals had also been heard by amateurs in Texas, Germany, Alaska and Sweden. Mallan tracked down Ratcliff and found that although he was "very nice and tried to be cooperative" he couldn't remember where his information had come from. A couple of overseas calls to the Judica-Cordeglia brothers themselves were remarkably uninformative.

As might be expected, Mallan believes that the Russians were responsible for all the rumors about men and women being killed and injured in space. They leaked the stories to friendly journalists or put tape recorders in satellites to fool unsuspecting Italian amateurs. The reason: to test the world's gullibility. If they got caught they could deny the whole thing. But when they got away with it, and psychologically prepared the world for a manned space flight, they pulled the biggest hoax of all by announcing officially that Yuri Gagarin had become the first man to orbit the earth.

The most uncomfortable point of the entire Mallan thesis is that he can offer no remotely convincing reason why the Soviets would have bothered to fake a manned space program at all since they have undeniably accomplished more difficult space tasks. Even Mallan's free-swinging arguments will not allow him to deny that the Soviets did land Luna 10 intact on the moon's surface and that the device did transmit photos back to earth. The photos were also received at the Jodrell Bank radio observatory in England. In addition, the Luna photos nicely complement the photos sent back a short time later by America's Surveyor 1. Compared to this, putting a man in orbit or having him float outside a spacecraft is an easy task. The only reason for faking a manned space program that comes to mind is that the Soviets have such respect for life that they will not risk a human being on such a dangerous mission, but that in order to keep up in the space race they must fake a manned

(Continued on page 462)

MAURITIUS

WORLD STRAINS IN MICROCOSM

COLIN MacINNES

Mr. MacInnes, British novelist and critic, received his early education in Australia. He is the author of City of Spades, England, Half English *and many other books published in England and the United States. His works have been translated into many languages.*

Mauritius is a minute volcanic island, 38 by 29 miles in extent, and 1,250 miles east of Africa in the Indian Ocean. Its 750,000 people are of four chief races, five religions and ten languages. Of these, 480,000 are Indians, 220,000 Creoles, 25,000 Chinese; most of the rest are French Mauritians.

When the British freed the slaves in their colonies, labor deserted the plantations for the growing towns. To fill the gap, the British imported "indentured" Indians. This created a racial problem that has complicated immensely the process of decolonization. In Trinidad, where the Indians are only one in three, the transition to independence has not been hindered. But in three other countries, Guiana, Fiji and Mauritius, the descendants of the Indians now outnumber those of the original inhabitants.

Putting aside for the moment its confusion of races, Mauritius has two basic problems: population and production. There are 1,000 people to the square mile. More than half of these are under 20. If nothing is—or can be—done, the population will be 3 million at the end of the century.

Emigration might be an answer, but where to go? For the 10,000 white Mauritians this is not an insuperable problem, and many have settled in Europe and South Africa. For the Indians and Creoles it is a different matter. There are already 7,000 of them in the United Kingdom, but immigration to Britain is now restricted. Madagascar, a mere 500 miles away, though underpopulated, doesn't want them. France and Canada offer some faint hope, and so possibly—with its new attitudes to colored immigration—does Australia.

Birth control clinics exist on the island, but Mauritians are dubious about this solution, since the racial and religious ethos of both the Indians and Chinese favors enormous families. Meanwhile, improved medical care aggravates the problem: malaria, once a killer, has now almost disappeared, and life expectancy rises.

What about increased production? At present, 96 per cent of the island's exports are sugar and its derivatives, though tea, tobacco and aloe fiber are also grown. But mechanization, which increases both production and profits, reduces the labor force. Apart from the soil, which is itself poor, there are no natural resources, so that only the

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lightest of industry is competitive, and even many foods—rice, for example—must be imported.

Three main forces are involved in trying to solve these seemingly insoluble problems: the two chief Mauritian political parties, and the British. The Americans are also involved indirectly. One begins to understand Mauritian politics by noticing first what kind of jobs most of the islanders do. In general, the Indians are field workers, though some are also small importers; the Creoles are clerical workers and artisans; the Chinese are engaged in retail trade; and the French Mauritians are estate owners and administrators. From this division it follows that the majority Parti Travailliste (Labour Party) is largely Indian and rural based, while the Parti Mauricien is strong in the cities among the Creoles and handful of white French.

In the present provisional parliament, of the forty elected members (thirteen others are directly appointed by the governor), eighteen are Parti Travailliste, and eight Parti Mauricien, the remainder representing splinter parties. However, in the capital, Port Louis, and in all the cities except one, the Parti Mauricien is in control. The chief minister is Sir Seemoosagur Ramgoolam, head of the Labour Party, an Indian doctor in his 60s. The opposition leader is Gaëton Duval, a Creole lawyer in his 30s.

The British have promised Mauritius its independence by the end of 1967, six months after an election to be held on a new franchise at present being determined by a British electoral commission. But whereas earlier there had been a certain amount of concord between the two parties—they both favored independence and were represented together in a coalition government—a few months ago the Parti Mauricien started vigorously to attack the Parti Travailliste.

This is where the Americans come in. By an accident of colonial rule, Mauritius administers several groups of islands in the Indian Ocean, among them the Chagos archipelago, 1,200 miles to the northeast. The British and Americans wanted to build an air base on one of its islands, a horseshoe of coral called Diégo Garcia. They offered Mauritius 4 million pounds for the privilege; the Parti Travailliste agreed, but the Parti Mauricien did not.

What is wrong with 4 million pounds? Everything, says the Parti Mauricien. In the first place it is not enough. Also, granting a base to the Anglo-Americans would bring down on the new state of Mauritius the wrath of the Communist world. What matter, says the Parti Travailliste? If the base is built, we'll be protected, and since we have only a tiny army (and no air force or navy), and will be responsible for dozens of islands dotted all over the Indian Ocean, we'll need protection. Agreed, the Parti Mauricien replies, but if we don't allow the base to be built, no one will want to attack us.

So the Mauritian party demanded a referendum which the Labour Party refused, demanded a new constitutional conference which the British refused, appealed to the UN and was ignored. Finally, its leaders organized monster rallies throughout the island against the base. Whatever one may think of such tactics, they were certainly effective, since many Indian supporters of the Parti Travailliste prefer neutralism to pro-Western involvement.

Of the adversaries leading this dispute, Sir Seemoosagur Ramgoolam is the senior politician in Mauritius, and a wily one. He has denied that the Parti Travailliste is not broad based, pointing to Creoles and Chinese in his government, and claiming non-Indian electoral support. He wants to be friendly with the West, the Commonwealth and Britain. Despite economic difficulties, he claims a higher standard of living in Mauritius than in India or any black African nation. He boasts of the aid his government has given to education. His own party, he says, finds its strength in the trade unions and villages, whereas the Parti Mauricien belongs to conservative sugar planters.

Gaëton Duval, of the Mauritian party, tells another story and he tells it well. He is handsome and witty, and at the same time manages to seem frank and dedicated. He grants that his Parti Mauricien was originally rightist, but alleges that it has been swinging to the left. Far from being exclusively French and Creole, it has appointed Muslim mayors in two of the towns it controls. As for the Labour Party, says Duval, many of its prominent non-Indians are mere front men. My own feeling is that both parties are narrowly based, although each is trying to spread still wider racially at the expense of the other. I also believe that, if the terms mean anything today, the Labour Party is more leftist and the Parti Mauricien more "nationalist"—however ridiculous nationalism may seem as a doctrine for a microscopic island like Mauritius.

On the issue of the air base, does Duval want to cut off relations with the British and Americans? Not at all, he says. The Parti Mauricien wants close relations with both—after a renegotiation of the base. As to the terms for this, I found him vague, and got the impression that he is troubled most by the conviction that Sir Seemoosagur sold Mauritius short in granting it. How, in any case, could Mauritius stop landings on Diégo Garcia?

But Duval and his party very much want something else—which introduces us to yet another problem; this time less racial and social than linguistic and cultural. The Parti Mauricien believes that the island should join not only the British Commonwealth but the French community as well. It wants France as well as England to be its godparents in external affairs. But this fondness for France, so deep in the Creoles (and, of course, the few thousand French Mauritians) means nothing to the Indian supporters of the Labour Party, who already object to French being an official language along with English.

The tenacity of French culture in Mauritius is astonishing, and a thumbnail history of the island is required to explain it. The first Europeans on the island were the Portuguese in the 16th century. Then came the Dutch, who named the island (after Prince Maurice of Nassau) and exterminated the unfortunate dodo. The French arrived in 1715; they planted the sugar, brought in the Africans (and interbred with them), but lost Mauritius to the British after the Napoleonic wars.

But although the French left more than 150 years ago, the whole feeling of the island, despite the presence of the British and the Asian races, remains Latin. Towns, bays, mountains, shops, products, even many of the people, still have French names. Only the educated speak good French, but almost everyone on the island—including the Asian majority — can speak the patois. This is to the nation's

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advantage: despite ten or more basic mother tongues, everybody can communicate. "A French island administered by the British" is what the Creoles call it, and it seems a justifiable definition.

And yet there is the amazing racial diversity: there are Hindus, Tamils, Telegus and Bengalis with shrines to Siva and mosques to Mohammed; Chinese Catholics and Chinese with Buddhist temples; Creoles of European, African and Indian descent; French and (rather disconsolate) Mauritians.

This suggests another economic possibility for the island, and one which vaster nations have come to rely on. There could be tourism. The Tamils walk on fire and climb ladders made of swords; the Muslims offer their Ghoon festival, the Chinese their Wolf dance; and Creoles swing in their erotic *sega* by the sea. To these attractions may be added that Mauritians of all races are unusually alert and welcoming.

There is also the appeal of an island—and a volcanic one at that. The climate is "subtropical maritime," warm throughout the year, and the only catch is the occasional descent of hurricanes (Carol, in 1960, swept in at 160 mph and destroyed 60 per cent of the sugar crop and 40,000 homes). The beaches are superb, with deep-sea fishing, and a coral reef is thrown in. The volcanic scenery is arresting, if rather eerie. The cities, all small, are charming—Port Louis, despite modern buildings, has the air of a provincial French town of the 1900s.

Who might come? The British, French and Australians run regular air services, so they are potential visitors. South Africans are being enticed, and Rhodesians too, whatever Harold Wilson may have to say. Indians too might come, and perhaps Americans.

Yet even if the dream of free-spending tourists were fulfilled, the economic troubles of the island seem, to the outsider, almost insoluble. Sugar is a fickle crop and demands large-scale production, which is at odds with the small holdings such as the Indians have on 30 per cent of the land, the remainder being company or state owned. For industry, Mauritius at present flies in from Europe and processes for re-export products needing a high labor content at low cost (for instance, watches); but such possibilities seem limited. As for population, unless the world movement of peoples becomes much freer (and of this there are as yet few signs), the situation seems really desperate.

Political tipsters name the Parti Travailliste to win the critical pre-independence elections, despite the Parti Mauricien's aggressive agitation about the base. There may, of course, be a return to coalition. Presumably, the British will have to continue subsidizing the new nation and, because of the base, demands will no doubt be made on the Americans. Communism is gaining ground among younger Indians and Chinese, but is as yet an ineffective force.

Racialism in Mauritius is black-black and not the more usual white-black. Although there were riots a year ago and British troops had to be sent out, the probability is that the Creoles and Indians will come to terms, if only because there isn't the economic and even geographical elbowroom for the luxury of emotional racial attitudes.

A final reflection is that though one might think of Mauritius as being vaguely African, it is hardly so at all. The Creoles' ancestors left Africa 250 years ago, and the real mother countries are India and France, with Britain as a kind of foster mother. Now possibly America, once its troops are on Diégo Garcia, may find itself becoming a reluctant mother country too.

NATIONAL DATA CENTER

The Computer vs. the Bill of Rights

ANTHONY PRISENDORF
Mr. Prisendorf is a reporter on the New York Post.

The right of privacy is in trouble again. Tormented in the last few years by electronic eavesdropping devices, federal psychological tests and peepholes in post-office washrooms, it now faces an even more formidable adversary in the Bureau of the Budget's proposed National Data Center.

That an individual's private affairs should be of perennial concern to his fellow man is not surprising; the curiosity in human nature accounts for that. What is surprising is that the Constitution nowhere provides a clear-cut guarantee of the "right to be let alone," as Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis described it in 1928. The reason for this deficiency is apparent, says Charles A. Reich, professor of constitutional law at Yale University: "The idea of privacy being invaded in the way it can be today never occurred to the people who wrote the Bill of Rights." Nonetheless, Justice Brandeis, in his far-reaching interpretation of privacy, wrote: ". . . every unjustifiable intrusion by the Government upon the privacy of the individual, whatever the means employed, must be deemed a violation of the fourth amendment."

Opponents of the National Data Center would like to think that Justice Brandeis had the Budget Bureau's proposal in mind when he wrote his opinion. They seem convinced that the plan to use a central computer to pool statistical information now guarded by twenty federal agencies, including the Census Bureau, the Internal Revenue Service and the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is nothing less than the premature materialization of the Orwellian nightmare, *1984*. Perhaps this view was best expressed by Vance Packard last July when he was testifying before a House subcommittee on invasion of privacy. Speaking of Big Brother, he said: "My own hunch is that if he comes to the United States he may turn out to be not a greedy power seeker but rather a relentless bureaucrat obsessed with efficiency." Such an obsession, Packard warns, could lead to

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the "ultimate of horrors, a humanity in chains of plastic tape."

The proposal for a statistical data center is the logical consequence of an efficiency study begun three years ago by the Budget Bureau in collaboration with the Social Science Research Council. Its report concluded that "the amount of overlapping and resource waste [in government agencies] is substantial." Accordingly, the bureau's Office of Statistical Standards proposed a data center "to improve the storage of and access to information for statistical users"—defined as the government, industry and the research community. In addition to the study, the Budget Bureau hired as a consultant Edgar S. Dunn, Jr., a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Affairs. As he sees it, the fundamental purpose of such a data center would be to answer an "infinite" range of questions such as these: "What proportion of the residents of Appalachia possess incomes of less than $3,000? What activities seem to figure prominently in the recent rapid growth of the Southeast, Florida, the Gulf Coast and the Boston-Washington corridor? What proportion of the registered voters turned out in a recent primary, and how were they divided between Republican and Democrat, urban and rural, white and nonwhite?"

Prompted by the "appalling" thought of government records neatly bundled together in one revealing file, with no assurance given that such dossiers "would always be used by benevolent people for benevolent purposes," Rep. Cornelius E. Gallagher, a New Jersey Democrat, convened his special subcommittee on invasion of privacy on July 26. The purpose of the hearings: "to create a climate of concern" and to find answers to Representative Gallagher's challenging question posed at the start of the hearings: "Shall we create an elite who can narrow and dominate the 'corridors of power'? And who shall they be?"

The lead-off witness on behalf of the proposed National Data Center was Raymond T. Bowman, assistant director of the Office of Statistical Standards, and described by Representative Gallagher as the man "directly responsible" for the project. Bowman testified that the data center's objective is twofold: "We want to be sure that we are making effective use of new technological development because (1) we want to bring all available statistical information to bear on problems which confront the nation; and (2) we want to hold down the burden of statistical questionnaires." Bowman went on to suggest that the goal is by no means new. Government agencies, he said, continually try to find ways of using existing records for statistical purposes. To demonstrate this long-standing practice, he said that the use of federal income tax returns "as a source of statistical information," relieves 1 million small businessmen of "the burden of filling out census forms every five years." And this is done, Bowman asserted, "without compromising the confidentiality of a single return."

In an attempt to scotch the obvious misgivings of some subcommittee members, Bowman assured them early in the hearings that a data center "would not have an interest in building up dossiers on individuals because statistical interests do not center on individual cases." Nevertheless, he demurred when a subcommittee member suggested that the identity of these statistics could be erased, thereby eliminating the threat to privacy without interfering with the operations of the data bank. "You would not be able to use this information meaningfully unless this kind of identification were maintained," Bowman said.

"To achieve the purpose we have in mind," explains his assistant, Paul Krueger, "we need to be able to collate the information obtained from different sources. As an example, we have tax returns which provide a considerable amount of information about the incomes of people. But they do not provide demographic information. We have census reports which provide all the demographic information. If you want to be able to relate incomes with demographic characteristics, there must be some sort of connecting link."

The importance the Budget Bureau attaches to personal identity is what principally concerns critics of the proposal. They fully suspect that today's statistical center may become tomorrow's intelligence center. Representative Gallagher did much to foster these suspicions in a June 14 speech on the floor of the House:

> If the government does set up a central file or "dossier bank" of personal data on our citizens, there will be a huge store of information at hand to feed it. That list includes tax returns, census responses, social security data, military records, security files, fingerprints, mortgage guarantees, research involving individuals, and, if state and local governments are tied into the system, such things as school records, police files, driving violations, and property holdings. Confidentiality is now protected in many cases by the law. Centralization will create the need for a new set of safeguards. It might even be possible to pump credit reports and bank accounts into the computer. It should be apparent to anyone the great power that would exist behind the federal official who has the authority to push the button that would produce such a dossier instantly.

Representative Gallagher's misgivings were reinforced at the subcommittee hearings one month later by Paul Baran, an analyst for the RAND Corporation of Santa Monica, Calif. A member of several *ad hoc* committees for the Defense Department, as well as a consultant to the Institute for Defense Analyses and the Stanford Research Institute, Baran's credentials are impressive. Speaking as an individual and representing no special interest, Baran warned that should this machinery become available to the administrators of a government substantially different from the existing form, "it would make for an extremely efficient police state. While our computers and communications are foolproof, they are not smart-proof," he said. "These systems are wide open to tampering by anyone sufficiently intelligent and motivated enough to take advantage of their weak spots."

It is precisely these weak spots that alarm opponents of the data bank. They acknowledge that technology has enriched human life, and that a federal data center will probably add to this enrichment. But, says Representative Gallagher, "just as democratic governments historically have secured the freedom of their citizens partly by controlling the fruits of scientific progress, so, too, must we now make sure that the government computers do not provide the means by which federal officials can intrude improperly into our lives." If safeguards are not built into

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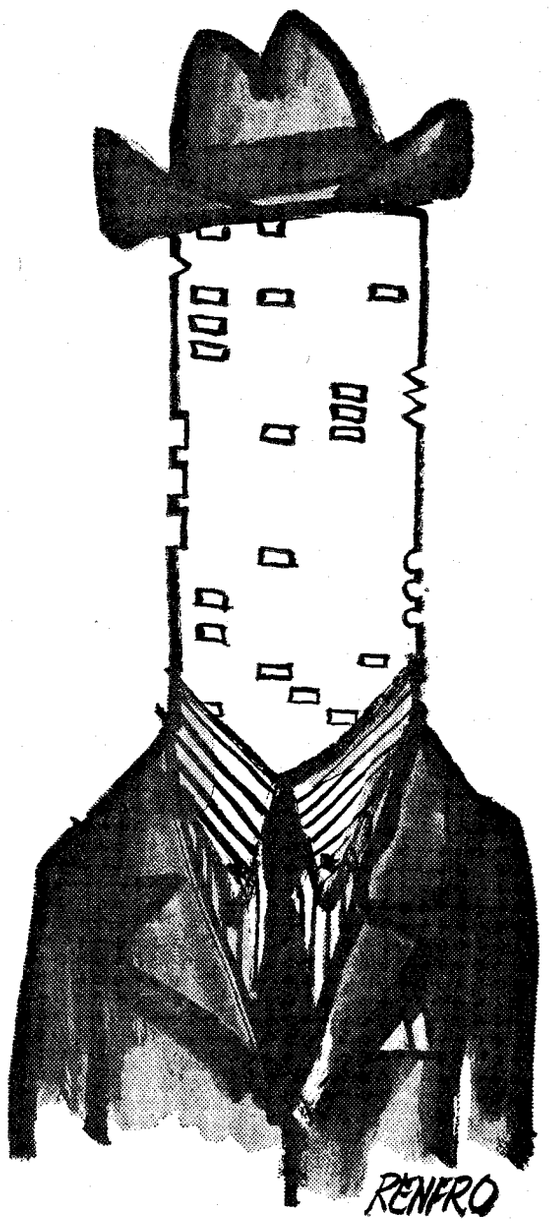
such a facility, he believes "it could lead to the creation of the computerized man . . . stripped of his individuality and privacy. His status would be measured by a computer. His life, his talent and his earning capacity are reduced to a tape with very few alternatives available."

This grisly warning may come too late. Ten years ago, there were fewer than 1,000 computers in the United States; ten years from now, it is estimated, there will be 100,000. Of the 30,000 computers in use today, half are in the service of the federal government. (Oddly enough, the forerunner of the computer was designed by a young engineer working for the Census Bureau near the turn of the century. Dismayed by the slow hand tabulations of the 1880 census, Herman Hollerith devised a "statistical piano" which assimilated census information fed into it on player piano type rolls.)

One danger inherent in an electronic memory system of the proportions envisioned by the Budget Bureau is the quality of information stored in it. "Unfortunately, the great bulk of information about an individual is not gathered as the result of inquiries by skilled government security investigators," says John deJ. Pemberton, Jr., executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union. "Rather, it is often acquired by government employees of poor judgment, by private agencies, credit unions, insurance companies and businesses."



Pemberton's impeachment of these collection methods parallels an axiom of Professor Reich that "information gets less reliable the further away it is from the source." In testimony before the subcommittee he illustrated this point by citing a traditional practice at Yale. Each freshman is assigned an upper-class counselor who writes a personality report of his charge for the dean at the end of the year. "If this information gets into a file and stays there, it slowly changes from a reasonably accurate statement to something that could be a tremendous falsehood. The freshman may change. Perhaps he had a chip on his shoulder the first year, but after he got to like the place he got to be one of the nicest guys around. So the information may no longer be true except as of the time it was made. Other people reading this may understand it in other ways." "The Christian notion of the possibility of redemption is incomprehensible to the computer," Packard observed at the hearings.

Addressing himself to the subcommittee's primary concern for safeguards, Bowman insisted that the centralization of statistical data in a computer memory bank would actually enhance the "confidentiality" of the information. Assembled under one roof, he argued, the material could be more closely guarded than it is now. This prompted one bemused Congressman to suggest that it would also make it easier for a federal employee to erase the disparaging dossier of a friend. Under the present decentralized system, the Congressman said, the friend "might exist in the Census Bureau and might not in the Internal Revenue Service. But he is going to totally not exist in a central data bank."

Under questioning Bowman conceded that a data bank of the type contemplated could endanger privacy, and recommended "very clear and specific regulations — legislation if this seems to be the desirable method." Asked who would have ultimate control of the data bank, Bowman replied: "Law." But sole reliance on legislative safeguards is not enough, cautioned RAND analyst Baran. He contends that "laws and laws alone have been pathetically ineffectual in stopping the growth of widespread electronic eavesdropping and wire tapping." In fact, so sophisticated have electronic snooping devices become that the security of the proposed National Data Center is threatened by them. Witnesses cited examples of "electronic radiation transmissions" from computers, and strongly urged that the walls of the data center be lead lined to prevent pirating.

Proponents, too, recognize these technological dangers, and disclosed at the hearings that they have devised elaborate safeguards that could be built into the computer. Budget Bureau consultant Dunn said that it can be programed to identify "trick" inquiries — accidental or intentional. "You can teach the machine to say, 'This is a statistical inquiry but it is framed in such a way that the population or group you have defined contains only one individual —

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less than the specific number of individuals.'" In addition, Dunn says, the computer can be "taught" to disguise records. If all individual identification were replaced by a special security code, no one could identify a person's record without that code.

As conceived, the proposed National Data Center would cost $3 million to $3.5 million and take between three and five years to stock with existing federal statistics, to be stored on 20,000 reels of magnetic tape. However, a less ambitious center could be stocked with a "respectable volume and variety" of data for $260,000 in about a year. Although the National Data Center is still in the discussion stage, opponents report that there are rumors circulating in Washington that the Budget Bureau will request federal funds in next year's budget to establish the statistical center.

Centralizing government files would eliminate perhaps the best safeguard of personal privacy — bureaucracy. Compiling all that is recorded about an individual is now often a difficult and, consequently, a discouraging task. If the National Data Center were established, the mere push of a button would end all that.

Equally important, the statistical data center could set a dangerous and irrevocable precedent. Its enemies warn that its existence would lead to pressures — within and outside the federal government — for the creation of a Personal Data Bank. It should be remembered that when Social Security was instituted Americans were assured that their identification number would be kept secret. And when a provision was included in the Constitution for a national census every ten years, it was for the sole purpose of "enumeration." The 1960 census contained 165 questions, some of them dealing with subjects as personal as purchasing habits and incomes. What is more, there are pressures within the Census Bureau to include in the 1970 census prying questions about religious affiliation, education and ethnic origin.

To the suggestion that computers threaten to degrade mankind, John W. Macy, Jr., chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, retorted in a magazine article recently: "Far from it! By removing the clerical decisions and the mass of paperwork details the computer may well free the mind of man for more worthy use."

Aristotle regarded machines with about the same degree of optimism. "When looms weave by themselves," he said, "man's slavery will end."

Perhaps.

LETTERS *(continued from page 434)*

subsidized by war debts, a fact that is nothing but an embarrassment to those who do research and to their hosts." This accusation is a product of your author's imagination. Of the 100 countries with which exchanges are conducted, war debts are a factor only in the case of Finland, the government of which has agreed to use its voluntary repayments of the World War I debts for this purpose. Elsewhere funds come entirely from the United States Government, or by joint contributions from the two governments involved.

"One can hardly imagine Norman Mailer, Marshall McLuhan, Allen Ginsberg or William Faulkner as Fulbrights." Faulkner was a Fulbright, McLuhan is a Canadian and therefore not eligible, and neither Ginsberg nor Mailer is an academic personality.

"The stipends are too low." The amount of the grant is limited by the budget approved by Congress and is geared to comparable grants in the host country. British students on government grants receive just over £6 a week; those under the Fulbright Program just over £15 a week to compensate for additional expenses as foreigners. The accusation comes with particular poor grace from Mr. Kostelanetz, whose wife also held a Fulbright grant and who was somehow able to take a trip to Paris, also a driving tour of the United Kingdom, in the course of his stay.

"When a Negro student had considerable difficulty finding lodging for himself and his family, the commission refused to supplement his stipend or to acknowledge that James Crow lived in England." This is simply untrue. There were two Negro students in the year Kostelanetz spent in London, one in London and one in Cambridge. Neither made any request for additional funds for housing and both in their reports professed themselves satisfied with their quarters.

"Officials tend to be failed academics." The people with whom Kostelanetz chiefly came into contact at the commission were Cleanth Brooks, professor of English at Yale and D. P. Edgell, professor of the Humanities at San José College, both on leave of absence. I know intimately the executive secretaries of the commission in each of the European countries and many in other parts of the world. Not one of them is a "failed academic."

No doubt there were causes for Mr. Kostelanetz's unhappiness in London. But they were not those to which he referred in his article.

Oscar Handlin

new brand of virtue

London, England

DEAR SIRS: Outside the United States the view is widespread that your country is financially and militarily power drunk, and that moral considerations no longer weigh with you. Recently it was reported that at an official press conference Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense, stated that to believe that any American official is going to tell the truth is to be a fool; and a number of your recent editorials have exposed the nature of this lying. Without denying that this attitude is not confined to the United States, it is surely a new brand of virtue for a government to admit it is a liar. . . . This peculiar public confession destroys all confidence in any promise the U.S. Government may make. . . .

Are the people of the United States too preoccupied with their color problem or with the Dominican Republic or with Cuba to care that the almighty dollar and all it stands for now stinks in the nostrils of decent people? Do they or do they not know of the terrifying and barbaric atrocities that are being committed in their name in Vietnam? What sort of people have you become that you can remain silent and inactive while this is going on—financially and militarily power drunk so that moral considerations no longer weigh with you?

Hyman Levy, Professor Emeritus
University of London

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A True Lie-Minded Man

WILLIAM H. GASS
Mr. Gass teaches philosophy at Purdue University. He is the author of Omenseter's Luck *(New American Library).*

It seems a country-headed thing to say: that literature is language, that stories and the places and the people in them are merely made of words as chairs are made of smoothed sticks and sometimes of cloth or metal tubes. Still, we cannot be too simple at the start, since the obvious is often the unobserved. Occasionally we should allow the trite to tease us into thought, for such old friends, the clichés in our life, are the only strangers we can know. It seems incredible, the ease with which we sink through books quite out of sight, pass clamorous pages into soundless dreams. That novels should be made of words, and merely words, is shocking, really. It's as though you had discovered that your wife were made of rubber: the bliss of all those years, the fears . . . from sponge.

Like the mathematician, like the philosopher, the novelist makes things out of concepts. Concepts, consequently, must be his critical concern: not the defects of his person, the crimes on his conscience, other men's morals, or their kindness or cruelty. The painter squeezes space through his pigments. Paint stains his fingers. How can he forget the color he has loaded on his brush or that blank canvas audience before him? Yet the novelist frequently behaves as if his work were all heart, character and story; he professes to hate abstraction, mathematics, and the pure works of mind. Of course, unlike poetry, and despite its distinguished figures, for a long time now the novel has been an amateur's affair, an open field for anybody's running, and it has drawn the idle, sick, and gossipaceous, the vaguely artistic; prophets, teachers, muckrakers, all the fanatical explainers, those dreamily scientific, and those anally pedantic.

Paint stains the fingers; the sculptor's hair is white with dust; but concepts have no physical properties; they do not permit smell or reflect light; they do not fill space or contain it; they do not age. "Five" is no wider, older, or fatter than "four"; "apple" isn't sweeter than "quince," rounder than "pear," smoother than "peach." To say, then, that literature is language is to say that literature is made of meanings, concepts, ideas, forms (please yourself with the term), and that these are so static and eternal as to shame the stars.

Like the mathematician. For the novelist to be at all, in any way, like a mathematician is shocking. It's worse than discovering your privates are plastic. Because there's no narration among numbers. It is logically impossible. Time's lacking.

When David Hilbert, the great logician, heard that a student had given up mathematics to write novels, he is supposed to have said: "It was just as well; he did not have enough imagination to become a first-rate mathematician."

The yammer of thought, the constant one-after-another of sounds, the shapes of words, the terrible specter of spelling, are each due to this fact that meanings are heavenly bodies which, to our senses, must somehow announce themselves. A word is a concept made flesh, if you like—the eternal presented as noise. When I spell then, let's say, "avoirdupois," I am forming our name for that meaning, but it might, just as well, be written down "dozzo," or still more at length, with the same lack of logic, "typary," "snoddle," or "willmullynull." "Avoirdupois." An unreasonable body. Nonetheless lovely. "Avoirdupois."

There is a fundamental contradiction in our medium. We work with a marble of flaws. My mind is utterly unlike my body, and unless you're an angel, so, I am certain, is yours. Poor Descartes really wrote on the problems of poets: word sense and word sound, math and mechanics, the mind and its body, can they touch? And how, pray God, can they resemble? In the act of love, as in all the arts, the soul should be felt by the tongue and the fingers, felt in the skin. So should our sounds come to color up the surface of our stories like a blush. This adventitious music is the only sensory quality our books can have. As Frost observed, even the empty sentence has a sound, or rather—I should say—*is* a series of nervous tensions and resolves. No artist dares neglect his own world's body, for *nothing else,* nothing else about his book is physical.

In the hollow of a jaw, the ear, upon the page, concepts now begin to move: they appear, accelerate, they race, they hesitate a moment, slow, turn, break, join, modify, and it becomes reasonable to speak of the problems of narration for the first time. Truly (that is to say, technically), narration is that part of the art of fiction concerned with the coming on and passing off of words—not the familiar arrangement of words in dry strings like so many shriveled worms but their formal direction and rapidity. But this is not what's usually meant.

For most people, fiction is history; fiction is history without tables, graphs, dates, imports, edicts, evidence, laws; history without hiatus—intelligible, simple, smooth. Fiction is sociology freed of statistics, politics, with no real party in the opposition; it's a world where play money buys you cardboard squares of colored country; a world where everyone is obediently psychological, economic, ethnic, geographical; framed in a keyhole and always nude; each figure fashioned from the latest thing in cello-see-through, so we may observe our hero's guts, too, if we choose: ah, they're blue, and squirming like a tickled river. For truth without effort, thought without rigor, feeling without form, existence without commitment: what will you give? for a wind-up world, a toy life? six bits? for a book with a thicker skin? six bucks? I am a man, myself, intemperately mild, and though it seems to me as much deserved as it's desired, I have no wish to steeple quires of paper passion up so many sad unelevating rears.

Nay, not *seems,* it *is* a stubborn, country-headed thing to say: that there are no events but words in fiction. Words mean things. Thus we use them every day: make love, buy bread, and blow up bridges. But the use of language in fiction only mimics its use in life. A sign like GENTS, for instance, tells me where to pee. It conveys information; it produces feelings of glad relief. I use the sign, but I dare not dawdle under it. It might have read MEN or borne a mustache. This kind of sign passes out of consciousness, is extinguished by its use. In literature, however, the sign remains; it sings; and we return to it again and again.

In contrast, the composer's medium is pure; that is, the tones he uses exist for music, and are made by instruments especially designed. Imagine his feelings, then, if he were forced to employ the meaningful noises of every day: bird calls, sirens, screams, alarm bells, whistles, ticks, and human chatter. He could plead all he liked that his music was pure, but we would know that he'd written down sounds

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from a play unseen, and we would insist that it told a story. Critics would describe the characters (one wears a goatee) and quarrel over their motives, marriages, or mothers, all their dark genes. Although no one wonders, of a painted peach, whether the tree it grew on was watered properly; we are happily witness, week after week, to further examinations of Hamlet or Madame Bovary, quite as if they were real. And they are so serious, so learned, so certain—so laughable—these ladies and gentlemen. Ah well, it's merely energy which might otherwise elucidate the Trinity.

So the novelist makes his book from boards which say LADIES and GENTS. Every scrap has been worn, every item handled; most of the pieces are dented or split. The writer may choose to be heroic—poets often are—he may strive to purify his diction and achieve an exclusively literary language. He may pretend that every syllable he speaks hasn't been spit, sometime, in someone else's mouth. Such poets scrub, they clean, they smooth, they polish, until we can scarcely recognize their words on the page. *A star glide, a single frantic sullenness, a single financial grass greediness,* wrote Gertrude Stein. *Toute Pensée émet un Coup de Dés,* wrote Mallarmé. Most novelists, however (it is one of the things that make them one), try to turn the tattering to account—incorporate it cleverly—as the painter does when he pastes up a collage of newspaper, tin foil and postage stamps. He will recognize, for example, that stories are wonderful devices for controlling the speed of the mind, for resting it after hard climbs; they give a reassuring light to a dark place, and help the reader hold, like handsome handles, heavy luggage on long trips.

A dedicated storyteller, though—a true lie-minded man—will serve his history best, and guarantee its popularity, not by imitating nature, since nature's no source of verisimilitude, but by following as closely as he can our simplest, most direct and unaffected forms of daily talk, for we report real things, things which intrigue and worry us, and such resembling gossip in a book allows us to believe in figures and events we cannot see, shall never touch, with an assurance of safety which sets our passions free. He will avoid recording consciousness since consciousness is private—we do not normally "take it down"—and because no one really believes in any other feelings than his own.

However, the moment that our writer concentrates on sound, the moment he formalizes his sentences, the moment he puts in a figure of speech or turns a phrase, shifts a tense or alters tone, the moment he carries description, or any account, beyond need, he begins to turn his reader's interest away from the world which lies among his words like a beautiful woman among her slaves, and directs him toward the slaves themselves. This illustrates a basic principle: if I describe my peach too perfectly, it's the poem which will make my mouth water . . . while the real peach rots.

Sculptures take up space and gather dust. Concepts do not. They take up us. They invade us as we read, and they achieve, as our resistance and their forces vary, every conceivable degree of occupation. Imagine a worry or a pain, an obsessive thought, a jealousy or hate so strong it renders you insensible to all else. Then while it lasts, you are that fear, that ache, for consciousness is always smaller than its opportunities, and can contract around a kernel like a nut. A piece of music can drive you out and take your place. The purpose of a literary work is the capture of consciousness, and the consequent creation, in you, of an imagined sensibility, so that while you read you are that patient pool or cataract of concepts which the author has constructed; and though at first it might seem as if the richness of life had been replaced by something less so: senseless noises, abstract meanings, mere shadows of worldly employment; yet the new self which fine fiction and good poetry should provide you is as wide as the mind is, and musiced deep with feeling. While listening to such symbols sounding, the blind perceive; thought seems to grow a body; and the will is at rest amid that moving like a gull asleep on the sea. Perhaps we'll be forgiven, then, if we fret about our words and continue country-headed. It is not a refusal to please. There's no willfulness, disdain, exile . . . no anger. Because a consciousness is electrified by beauty: is that not the aim and emblem and the ending of all finely made love?

Are you afraid?

Return of the Continental Op

THE BIG KNOCKOVER: Selected Stories and Short Novels. *By Dashiell Hammett. Introduction by Lillian Hellman. Random House. 355 pp. $5.95.*

FREDERICK H. GARDNER

Mr. Gardner is a free-lance writer based in San Francisco. He is presently writing a book about the theatre of Lillian Hellman.

In its heyday the McCarthy committee investigated writers, among them Dashiell Hammett, on the pretext that any radical's book in a U.S. Information Service library would undermine the anti-Communist function of that library. Preceding Hammett on the stand, a contrite Langston Hughes had thanked the chairman for his "courtesy and friendliness." Hammett wasn't going to be so nice. McCarthy asked: "Mr. Hammett, if you were spending, as we are, over a hundred million dollars a year on an information program allegedly for the purpose of fighting communism, and if you were in charge of that program to fight communism, would you purchase the works of some 75 communist authors and distribute their works throughout the world, placing our official stamp of approval upon those works?" To which Hammett quietly replied: "Well, I think — of course I don't know — if I were fighting communism I don't think I would give people any books at all." Laughter swept the hearing room and for a few televised seconds the chairman himself giggled. That tittering acknowledgment by McCarthy of his own ludicrous position was a turning point in the emotional course of the inquisition.

The nature of the scholarly, dignified man strong enough to force McCarthy to laugh at himself is movingly recalled by his close friend Lillian Hellman, in her introduction to a new collection of his stories. More about his life comes through in *Tulip,* an unfinished autobiographical novel included in this book.

Hammett was born in southern Maryland in 1894. During the First World War he contracted tuberculosis and spent seven subsequent years in army hospitals. Apparently cured, he went to work as a detective for the Pinkerton agency in San Francisco. After a recurrence of the disease he decided to spend his remaining time as a writer. The detective stories he published in *Black Mask* and other pulp magazines grew very popular. By the end of the twenties he was extending his detective tales into novels for which Hollywood paid him well. He had beaten his TB, too.

He wrote four novels between 1927 and 1930, another in 1934, and none thereafter. Once he had been in the employ of strikebreakers; now he became a Marxist. "Whatever he believed in," Hellman tells us, "came from reading and thinking." He also became an alcoholic, "partly," he says in *Tulip,* "because I was still confused by the fact

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that people's feelings and talk and actions didn't have much to do with one another." He played a small role in the publication of *PM*, wrote the screen version of Hellman's play, *Watch on the Rhine*, and re-enlisted in the army at the age of 48. He failed his physical examination, probably for several reasons, but the one the doctors gave him was rotten teeth. He went out and had them pulled and when he came back they had to induct him. He served in the Aleutians.

He came out of the army with emphysema, and seemed to be drinking more heavily than ever. In 1948, when one of the few doctors he liked told him he would die if he kept it up, he stopped. "Now, more than ever," writes Hellman, "he sat down to read." He was interrupted in 1951 and sent to jail for refusing to reveal who contributed to the bail-bond fund of the Civil Rights Congress. In 1960 he died.

None of Hammett's experience, except his sleuthing, is used in his stories. Even the Continental Op, hero of all the tales in the present volume (discounting *Tulip*), is supposedly based on another man: a chief of Pinkerton's Baltimore office whose competence was legendary.

Fitzgerald said he was haunted by the conviction that Ring Lardner "got less percentage of himself on paper than any other American author of the first flight." Hammett got even less on paper, so much less that his rank is uncertain. His use of language is, certainly, "first flight." He did for American slang — the argots of hobos, cowboys, seamen, boxers, longshoremen, miners, Wobblies, and, of course, cops and robbers — what Mark Twain had previously done for the American vernacular: used it on the level of art. Hammett never merely played lexicographer to the underworld. He selected the witty, colorful elements of the jargon and used them naturally, knowledgeably, without dazzling or digressing for the sake of innovation but always to advance his story. In *Fly Paper*, for example, as the Op tries to figure out where a criminal has fled, he reasons:

> The big man was a yegg. San Francisco was on fire for him. The yegg instinct would be to use a rattler to get away from trouble. The freight yards were in this end of town. Maybe he would be shifty enough to lie low instead of trying to powder. In that case, he probably hadn't crossed Market Street at all. If he stuck, there would still be a chance of picking him up tomorrow. If he was high-tailing, it was catch him now or not at all.

As for commonplace profanities, Hammett would skirt them with a graceful précis such as: "He called her four unlovely names, the mildest of which was, 'a dumb twist.'" Occasionally he would slip in a newly coined obscenity to test his editor's conversance with the ever-changing language. One editor failed to blue-pencil the word "gunsel." He took it to mean a gunman's young assistant; it actually meant a homosexual hanger-on. Other writers of detective stories, emulators of Hammett, repeated the editor's mistake and began using "gunsel" in the inaccurate sense. Their errors stuck and the word, when it is used nowadays, is usually used incorrectly.

The imitators proliferated and Hammett soon became typecast as "the founder of the hard-boiled school of detective fiction." It might be useful to consider his work in terms of what had come before. Twain had made the literary break with Europe, but those in the first flush of freedom always look back to make sure the bonds are really broken, and that's what Twain did in *The Innocents Abroad*. Hammett was second-generation free of the genteel tradition; to him "abroad" meant across the Pacific, not the Atlantic.

Hammett shared with Twain, and perhaps derived from him, a narrative style based on the most American of all forms of humor: understatement. Consider the way Twain begins *The Mysterious Stranger*:

> It was in 1590 — winter. Austria was far away from the world, and asleep; it was still the Middle Ages in Austria and promised to remain so forever. Some even set it away back centuries upon centuries and said that by the mental and spiritual clock it was still the age of Belief in Austria. But they meant it as a compliment, not a slur, and so it was taken and we were all proud of it.

And the way Hammett gets into *Red Harvest*:

> I first heard Personville called Poisonville by a red haired mucker named Hickey Dewey in the Big Ship in Butte. He also called a shirt a shoit. I didn't think anything of what he had done to the city's name. Later I heard men who could manage their r's give it the same pronunciation. I still didn't see anything in it but the meaningless sort of humor that used to make richardsnary the thieves' word for dictionary. A few years later I went to Personville and learned better.

Since he conceives of murder and mayhem as proper subjects for matter-of-fact humor, Hammett's stories never become gruesome even though the situations are inherently gruesome. In *The Big Knockover* (a tale I thought was part of *Blood Money*, but which is run separately in the volume at hand) the Op comes into a house containing fourteen dead men, eleven poisoned, three shot. Instead of describing the gore, Hammett provides a roster:

> There was the Dis-and-Dat Kid, who had crashed out of Leavenworth only two months before; Sheeny Holmes; Snohomish Shitey, supposed to have died a hero in France in 1919; L. A. Slim, from Denver, sockless and underwearless as usual, with a thousand-dollar bill sewed in each shoulder of his coat; Spider Girrucci wearing a steel-mesh vest under his shirt and a scar from crown to chin where his brother had carved him years ago; Old Pete Best, once a congressman; Nigger Vojan, who once won $175,000 in a Chicago crap game — *Abracadabra* tattooed on him in three places; Alphabet Shorty McCoy; Tom Brooks, Alphabet Shorty's brother-in-law, who invented the Richmond razzle-dazzle and bought three hotels with the profits; Red Cudahy, who stuck up a Union Pacific train in 1924; Denny Burke; Bull McGonickle, still pale from fifteen years in Joliet; Toby the Lugs, Bull's running-mate, who used to brag about picking President Wilson's pocket in a Washington vaudeville theatre; and Paddy the Mex.

Understatement, coolness if you will, enables Hammett to keep some distance from his characters. He needs the distance because, shades of Twain, he is torn between fondness for human beings and disgust over their depravity. Hammett's Op is frequently turning in women whom he would not turn down. Sam Spade does so in *The Maltese Falcon*. The Op, in *Blood Money*, shoots a young colleague whom he particularly likes when the colleague turns to crime (because *he* cannot resist a girl). In *The Dain Curse*, a man whom the Op was once "chummy with" turns out to be the villain. Thus the style based on understatement lends itself to an understatement of theme, freeing Hammett from the sentimentality and good-against-evil framework of the traditional mystery. To the Op each case is just a job, not a moral crusade.

Hammett's use of understatement is

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often mistaken for terseness. He could narrate in what seems like the rhythm of spoken words, and his stories move fast; but he also has a great penchant for elaboration, which he indulges with every character, no matter how minor, who comes onto the scene. You can go through the tale called *The Scorched Face,* count the number of people (and even buildings) that figure in it and the number of descriptions, physical or otherwise, given for them. The numbers are equal. A maid, interviewed briefly, goes undescribed, but we learn that a lawyer who doesn't figure in the tale at all is "a pink faced, white-haired old boy named Norwall, who had the reputation of knowing more about corporations than all the Morgans, but who hadn't the least idea as to what police procedures was all about." Upon inspection, Hammett's style is the opposite of terse. His settings are exotic, and his inclination as a plotter is toward the more intricate and inclusive.

Why he allowed himself to be confined so strictly by his subject matter, why he relied on the mystery situation to bring a story to life is a mystery more profound than any the Continental Op ever tackled. Hammett himself tries to solve it in *Tulip*. Tulip is the name of a retired lieutenant colonel under whom Pop (as Hammett was known in the Aleutians) served in World War II. When they first met Pop "had a feeling that he might come to represent a side of me." Now Tulip is visiting Pop at the country place where he resides — reading, tinkering with gadgets, scrutinizing the natural world, but not writing — after his release from prison. An egotist, Tulip wants his life story written up by Pop. This starts Pop to thinking about his own life:

> I've been in a couple of wars — or at least in the Army while they were going on — and in federal prisons and I had t.b. for seven years and have been married as often as I chose and have had children and grandchildren and except for one fairly nice but pointless brief short story about a lunger going to Tijuana for an afternoon and evening holiday from his hospital near San Diego I've never written a word about any of these things. Why? All I can say is they're not for me. Maybe not yet, maybe not ever. I used to try now and then — and I suppose I tried hard, the way I tried a lot of things — but they never came out meaning very much to me.

Fitzgerald wrote that Lardner's topic, baseball, was "a boy's game with no more possibilities in it than a boy could master, a game bounded by walls. . . . However deeply Ring cut into it, his cake had exactly the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond." The Pinkertons did for Hammett what the Cubs did for Lardner; they provided material but walled him in. Eventually this man who deplored violence must have developed a deep ambivalence toward writing about it. Fitzgerald says that when Lardner became ambivalent toward his work he fell into "a habit of silence." Hammett did, too. He tried "to start a new literary life" with *Tulip,* Hellman writes in the introduction. But the novel is sad and truncated, like Pete Rieser's career:

> "When you write," Pop tells Tulip, "you want fame, fortune and personal satisfaction. You want to write what you want to write and to feel that it's good and to sell millions of copies of it and have everybody whose opinion you value think it's good, and you want this to go on for hundreds of years."

His writing brought Hammett fame and fortune. If it did not bring him personal satisfaction in fullest measure, I like to think that the difference was made up by the pride he took in Hellman's work. It was he who got her going as a serious writer by suggesting that she use an actual event as the basis of a play; that advice led to *The Children's Hour.* Through the years, Hellman acknowledges, his encouragement and criticism, his physical presence, helped her develop as a playwright. Evidently her progress meant a great deal to him. When he expressed his disappointment over an early draft of *The Autumn Garden* he told Hellman: "You started as a serious writer. That's what I liked, that's what I worked for." On another, quite different occasion, he spoke of her as "my left arm."

I think Hammett is due for a renaissance and I hope *The Big Knockover* hastens it. Crime on the scale Hammett described is less significant in America now that the gangsters belong to country clubs and sit on the boards of directors. But significance, literary or otherwise, is not this book's selling point; the cult of nostalgia is. Dashiell Hammett, after all, created the character Humphrey Bogart merely portrayed. One of his smaller accomplishments, I think, but it would be good to see Hammett in vogue no matter how ironic the reason.

Gumming Up the Syntax

RUNYONESE: The Mind and Craft of Damon Runyon. *By Jean Wagner. Stechert-Hafner. 173 pp. $4.50.*

D. W. MAURER

Mr. Maurer teaches linguistics at the University of Louisville. He is the author of Whiz-Mob *(College and University Press Services) and many other books and articles.*

Leslie Stephen quotes a literal-minded Irish Bishop as saying about *Gulliver's Travels* that "the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it."

Perhaps this paraphrases the view the critics took of Damon Runyon during his lifetime, for his work has been damned as full of "improbable lies" and fit only to entertain. He has had very little recognition as a serious writer.

Meanwhile his selected works have gone through twenty-two American editions, thirteen British editions, and translations into French, Dutch, Italian and Indonesian. He has been briefly mentioned in various anthologies and literary histories, and has been the subject of one or two recent biographies, all of which indicates that some people still read him twenty years after his death.

The first serious treatment by a competent literary critic comes from Jean Wagner, a Frenchman, a professor at Grenoble University and a very astute observer of the American scene. He has written a wise and witty little volume which ranks Runyon with Twain and leaves one wondering why American critics have so universally discarded him. In fact Twain's stated credo: ". . . the deriding of shams, the exposure of pretentious falsities, the laughing of stupid superstitions out of existence . . ." might have suited Runyon very well. Just as it took French enthusiasm to establish Poe as a master of the short story, so it may take a Wagner to get Runyon his due.

Wagner makes the point that American critics rejected Runyon because they had formed stereotyped impressions of the world of crime and rascality from the highly synthetic whodunit school of crime and detective-story writers. I am inclined to believe that he is right. They brushed his characters aside as improbable because they did not fit the stereotype. They refused to accept the world he depicted because they did not believe it existed. They blasted his style

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because it was ungrammatical and what's more, they knew that no one manhandled the English language the way his characters did. (In one of Runyon's satirical reviews of his own work, he comments: "I do not commend this book for its literary qualities. It contains enough gummed up syntax to patch hell a mile.") They dismissed his plots as fantasies which could happen only in a cheap world of make-believe. Because he frankly wrote for money, they branded him a charlatan.

With an almost surgical touch, Wagner analyzes Runyon's methods and shows him to be not only a skilled short-story writer but a satirist of the first rank. What he was satirizing was the world of respectability. And he used the underworld, with values diametrically opposed to most of those held by the dominant culture, to do it. In those days our culture was thinner skinned, the academicians were still entrenched in criticism and the Establishment a little more sacred. Today, when we are perhaps more enlightened sociologically, we are better prepared to appreciate Runyon's bitter and often cynical social criticism than we were while he was writing it. Under Wagner's analysis, Runyon emerges as the chief — and perhaps the only — competent American practitioner of an art form long respectable in Europe, the art of the picaresque.

That Runyon knew the fringes of the underworld well, Wagner shows with commendable documentation. But it is in his treatment of Runyon's use of language that he is at his best. Wagner is one of the few to challenge the findings of Funk and Wagnalls, publishers of the *Standard Dictionary*, that Runyon was one of the ten most fecund creators of slang then writing. This myth, incidentally, took in so sharp an observer of the American language as H. L. Mencken, who quoted it up to and including his Supplement II of 1948; it has since been corrected. Wagner shows that Runyon did not, as many believed, *create* his slang; he borrowed it. He borrowed it from the people who did create it and used it as their native dialect. With skill and a great deal of humor, Wagner runs down item after item to the original source in subcultures on the borderline of criminality, and even to those groups who are specialized professionals. He indicates that Runyon adapted their language to his own use and came up with a unique literary style. He stops short of saying that Runyon wrote directly in the idiom of his characters, that he took over, lock, stock and barrel, their language, which became his special style.

I can fully agree with his position. In the course of more than thirty years of study of the obscure argots of many criminal subcultures, I have collected thousands of samples, by stenographic transcription and on sound tape, of the speech of those who live by their wits outside the law. I think it safe to say that much of the typical idiom used by Runyon can be verified from these records, and many passages, both in writing and in speech, suggest the Runyon style. The people from the subcultures who use this language did not learn it from Runyon; he learned it from them, for their argot has a long history outside the traditions of print. Indeed, many of them do not read anything except the racing forms, and those with difficulty.

Wagner's little volume is written with verve, in a pungent and refreshing style. It has authenticity stamped all over it, which is remarkable for a book written by a foreigner and treating a social area still obscure to most Americans. Naturally, it does not attempt to place Runyon as a major American writer. But it does deftly and skillfully establish him as a competent minor writer, a satirist who, when he is in top form, ranks with the best. It is a distinguished contribution uniting the new science of socio-linguistics with sound literary criticism.

Two Views of Two Germanys

THE MUTED REVOLUTION: East Germany's Challenge to Russia and the West. *By Welles Hangen. Alfred A. Knopf. 231 pp. $5.95.*

TWO GERMANIES: Mirror of an Age. *By Peter Lust. Harvest House (Montreal). 239 pp. $5.50. Paper $2.50.*

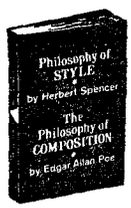
HEINZ POL
Mr. Pol is the U.S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *one of West Germany's leading liberal dailies.*

Fanatic anti-communists are almost as small a minority as fanatic pro-communists in the weary land between the Elbe and the Oder. Intelligent West Germans know this, but they have not yet been able to stop Bonn from picturing East Germany as a big concentration camp peopled by pitiable helots who dream only of being reunited with their prosperous federal cousins. The West German government not only deludes itself about present realities in the East; it also hinders their evolving to the West's advantage.

The men who conceived the present East German agricultural system were brilliant, and they succeeded. Fortunately for the West it has been limited to East Germany. If China or the USSR had originally instituted the LPG [German abbreviation for "agricultural cooperative"] system of the Ulbricht government, the large Canadian wheat sales to these nations might never have been necessary.

These quotations are taken from two most interesting recent surveys of the Germanys of today, and in particular of East Germany, called the German Democratic Republic (Deutsche Demokratische Republik). The first quote is from the book by Welles Hangen, an N.B.C. foreign correspondent who has traveled extensively between the Rhine and the Oder. The second is from the book by Peter Lust, a German-born Canadian journalist who works for the German-language newspaper *Montrealer Nachrichten*. Invited by an East German group to visit the DDR, Lust accepted only after he was invited by the West German Government as well. In both Germanys Lust was accompanied by guides but free to see whatever he wanted. Hangen, as an American correspondent, did not need a guide. In spite of the different backgrounds of these two observers—one a German-Jewish refugee, the other born in New York City and barely 15 years old when the Third Reich collapsed—they come to surprisingly similar conclusions.

There are, of course, nuances. Lust is slightly to the left of Center. He and his Montreal paper have always kept in touch with the DDR, and not merely with the Federal Republic. Hangen is less emotionally involved; he remains objective although basically he leans to the West-



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ern point of view on the German question. And whereas Lust is obviously pleased to find that conditions in East Germany are by and large as good as he had hoped they would be, Hangen grudgingly, and sometimes to his own surprise, concedes that the DDR is on its way to becoming one of the leading industrial countries in Europe. Lust is a lively reporter who describes his day-by-day impressions and manages to get a most interesting interview with Walter Ulbricht, the almost absolute ruler of the DDR, an *apparatchik* who has been the leader of his nation longer than any other statesman of our time. Hangen, an equally conscientious reporter, but inclined to editorialize, has met other influential men in East Germany, but not Mr. Ulbricht, of whom he has only second-hand knowledge.

This does not diminish the value of Hangen's observations and judgments: they are if anything more impressive since they come from someone who had no sympathy whatever for the Communist regime but came to respect it and even discovered that it has a future to be reckoned with. Indeed, in reading the two books we become almost painfully aware of how little we know about what is really going on in that part of Germany, and how greatly we are deluded if not brainwashed by the propaganda emanating from Bonn and Washington. This state of affairs is all the more regrettable as the officials in both capitals are fully aware of what is happening in the DDR but, for political reasons—that no longer make sense and may even cause harm—fail to give the public an accurate picture.

What Hangen has to report on this vital subject is of the utmost importance. He states that Washington, almost twenty years after the founding of the DDR, still has not developed a policy toward this state, mainly because Bonn insists that the Federal Republic alone can speak for all Germans. The official contact, therefore, remains almost nonexistent. On the other hand, as Hangen states: "Despite protests from Bonn, it [Washington] has licensed the export of synthetic-fiber manufacturing equipment and radio isotopes to the DDR and lifted the ban on American participation at the annual Leipzig trade fairs." And Hangen strongly suggests that Washington should reflect on the advisability of "denying itself regular access to the Soviet Union's most important ally."

The most valuable contributions of both authors to our inadequate knowledge of conditions in East Germany touch upon the degree to which industry and agriculture have developed into economic entities almost completely directed by private managers, and not controlled by the Communist Party. Moreover, these managers are accepting to an ever-increasing extent capitalistic techniques or, at the very least, methods of widening and improving their production that are used by no other Communist country in the world. To put it briefly: East German industry and agriculture are being run strictly by the profit motive. In order to make a profit, the products have to be fairly good. This is a new way of thinking, at least in terms of the orthodox economic ideas which have so long dominated, and are still the rule, in most Socialist countries.

Both journalists of course deal with the question of Germany's reunification. Though this is without doubt an extremely important issue, it has been inflated out of all proportion by propaganda from both sides, but particularly from Bonn's.

Lust takes the view that for the foreseeable future there simply does not seem to be any genuine prospect of ending the schism: "Different doctrines had remoulded the character of each side. Two political organisms had indeed become two nations."

Hangen says that a kind of confederation of the two countries may not be impossible, provided the East German Communists are really willing and Bonn gives up its rigid policy of "fraternal enmity." Meanwhile, Washington could speed up the process, at least by developing trade with East Germany, which in turn would free that country from its almost total economic (and hence political) dependence on Moscow.

But Hangen is not sure, any more than anyone else, whether confederation would be a lasting solution: "No one can foretell how the Germans will finally heal their twentieth-century diaspora." It seems clear that the Germans alone will never solve it, if only because the German question has developed into a world problem. But the day when the world powers can make this happen seems far away.

Meanwhile, the world would do well to note what is going on in both Germanys. Judging by these two books, and by several other reports, conditions in East Germany are not as bad as we are led to believe, and the political situation in booming West Germany is not as good as we have been told. In both states, things are moving—faster than we expected.

Economically, the DDR is still far behind the German Federal Republic. On the other hand, West Germany has entered into a climate of political instability. It is rather hard to say a kind word for a man as crafty and unscrupulous as Ulbricht, but he may well outlast Chancellor Erhard as he has already outlasted Adenauer. The political stability of any system—even the DDR, and in spite of its many cruel episodes—is nothing to be sneered at. And if Bonn should sink into a new and by no means un-German era of inner dissension and political pulverization, the eternal German problem may once more become a dangerous headache for the world.

Romantically Anti-Bourgeois

MANUAL OF PIETY (DIE HAUSPOSTILLE). *By Bertolt Brecht. Bilingual edition. Translations by Eric Bentley. Notes by Hugo Schmidt. Grove Press. 312 pp. $10.*

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Mr. Hamburger, poet, critic and translator of German poetry, has published many books here and in England, including Modern German Poetry *(Grove Press) and* Günter Grass: Selected Poems *(Harcourt, Brace). He is currently Purington Lecturer at Mt. Holyoke College.*

Brecht's first collection of poems, *Die Hauspostille,* belongs to his romantically anti-bourgeois, but pre-Communist, phase. First published in 1927, it includes work written at least a decade earlier, during the First World War. The poetic persona that dominates it—even in poems seemingly impersonal, like the ballads and songs—is closely akin to the Baal of Brecht's early play; and in fact the collection includes songs from *Baal* and *Mahagonny,* most of which are already well known to English and American readers. Brecht arranged the poems in sections or "lessons" that parody those of popular devotional manuals, and quite a number of the poems are openly didactic. The new bilingual edition follows the precedent of the privately printed *Taschenpostille* of 1926, of which only twenty-five copies were issued, in imitating the physical appearance of such "manuals of piety," at least when the jacket with George Grosz's drawing is removed.

Parody is very prominent in the poems themselves, of works ranging from Villon to jazz lyrics, from 17th-century hymns to Goethe's *Wanderers Nachtlied,* from Rimbaud to Kipling. True, with Brecht it is not always easy to distinguish between parody and appropriation or plagiarism. His "Grosser Dankchoral" (Grand Hymn

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of Thanksgiving), for instance, does not merely guy the hymn "Lobe den Herren," but ingeniously adapts its solemn rhythm to a Brechtian morality which, though un-Christian, is serious enough:

Es kommt nicht auf euch an
Und ihr könnt unbesorgt sterben

You do not count for a thing
And without qualms you can perish

This conclusion sums up one of the basic themes or theses of the collection as a whole, the anti-individualism that was to lead Brecht to communism. Yet Eric Bentley is right to point out that this thesis has a dialectic antithesis in the early work, a glorification of the individual's self-assertion in the teeth of his insignificance. Hence the swashbuckling tone of so many of the ballads and the attraction for Brecht at this time of a Western-style America, all hard living, gambling and "whisky-bars."

Bentley believes that *Manual of Piety* is "one of the most remarkable books of first poems in modern literature" and "Bertolt Brecht's best book of poems." I would agree with him that it is "impressive for the quality of individual items, for its singleness of vision and, within this unity, for range and variety of subject and statement." It includes a high proportion of poems that have become famous outside their context in the *Manual* —poems like "Memory of Marie A.," "On the Drowned Girl," "Legend of the Dead Soldier" and "On the Poor B.B.," not to mention those incorporated in the *Mahagonny* cantata or opera. Despite the element of parody and plagiarism, what is most striking about the book as a whole is the variety of Brecht's rhythmic invention and his capacity to make the most diverse media his own. In this regard there is no disparity between the early and the later Brecht. What is missing in his wide range here is the chastened, "Chinese" manner of so many later poems.

"I put together word mixtures like strong drinks," Brecht said of this early period, and a good deal of crude alcohol, methylated spirits and the like were thrown into these concoctions. The cult of brutality—again it is Brecht himself who draws attention to it, describing his poems as *"vertiert,"* "bestialized"—becomes just a little monotonous, perhaps because there was something self-conscious and deliberate about it. At best it corresponds to something real and important in Brecht's vision—to an acceptance of what is coarsely physical in human nature, to a sympathy—somewhat like Georg Büchner's long before Brecht—that embraces this side of human nature and builds a new morality on a sturdy, unidealistic compassion. "Every vice, says Baal, is good for something," and Brecht says so too in all these poems, if not as explicitly as in the "Chorale of the Man Baal." The brutality, therefore, has its antithesis also, in a kind of tenderness which other poets of the time reserved for characters thoroughly washed and exquisitely perfumed.

The diction of most of these early poems is more difficult to render in another language than that of the later poems, with their more proselike, though never prosaic, clarity and discipline. In the early poems there is much fruitful play with assonance and alliteration, and the sound of one word tends to suggest the choice of the next. Furthermore, most of these poems are rhymed. Their rhythms, though irregular and flexible, are strong, and a good many of Bentley's versions suffer not only because rhymes are sacrificed but because the rhythm flags, as in the last line of "Exemplary Conversion of a Brandy Peddler":

If you want the filthy lucre
That's in my cash register

as compared to the German,

Gébe ich in Zúkunft dieses
Ségenlóse Schmútzgeld hin

with its continuous and dynamic accentuation. The tone of Brecht's poems, on the other hand, is accurately and scrupulously observed; and a good many poems, such as "Orge's Answer" and "Ballad of Hannah Cash," come across extremely well, even where rhymes have been dropped. Hugo Schmidt's highly informative notes are a valuable complement to the translations.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

They are excellent actresses—Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins, Lally Bowers—who play Frank Marcus' comedy *The Killing of Sister George* at the Belasco Theatre.

Beryl Reid in particular is a wonder. "Sister George" is her first role in what is loosely called a "legitimate" play. I saw her first in a mediocre English musical revue in which her comic verve and versatility inspired me to a panegyric in the London *Observer*. What impressed me then, besides her relish and precise sense of characterization, was the tact with which Miss Reid managed to make every trait she drew hilariously vivid without vulgarity and without flagrant caricature. She is both a "born" actress and a highly skilled one. I can think of no one like her at present on our stage.

In *Sister George* Miss Reid's part is an especially difficult one. She is required to be rough, raucous, vicious and funny. With all this she brings a remarkable delicacy to the role, making it at times not only charming but touching. Watch her, for example, as she comments on her girl friend's bare legs.

Eileen Atkins too is very good, bringing a sickly and depraved attractiveness to the (well-written) role of an abjectly dependent, parasitic woman of over 30 who fears any responsibility (including motherhood) and who is indeterminate in sexual inclination because her need for protection is greater than her desire for gratification. (What corruption in her eyes!) Miss Atkins fascinates in a part that might easily have proved to be disgusting.

Lally Bowers plays the part of a television executive as the sort of English lady who combines correct tailoring, maddeningly calculated speech, frigid politeness and iron canniness—all of which is not incompatible with low-grade intelligence. The three English actresses are ably abetted by the American Polly Rowles, whose Russian accent is disarming because it is so unconvincing.

I begin with the acting because the play's merits are peculiar. It presumes to mock the television business as conducted by the British Broadcasting Company. The joke is that a middle-aged lady who for years has been the central character of a radio serial, the kindly, ever helpful, immaculately and cozily Christian "Sister George" in *Applehurst,* emblematic of a tiny English town, is in private a cigar-smoking, gin-guzzling, tough-tongued,

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sadistic Lesbian. Also a covert Lesbian is her steely, suave and ever so proper producer who finally abducts "Sister George's" girl friend. For poor "George" has been "killed"—removed from the program—and is now reduced to an engagement in a probably far less remunerative and certainly less glamorous role as a cow.

As a lampoon of the television industry in Britain (or elsewhere) the plot is a *non sequitur*. It is not relevant criticism of the entertainment world to say that among those who become the public symbols of virtue there may be some who are privately scapegraces. This is the kind of attack out of context which seeks to downgrade art by proclaiming that a number of its masters were (or are) homosexual.

Why then was *Sister George* elected "Best Play of the Year" by London's theatre critics? There is some clever and literate writing (the passage describing "Sister George" scaring the nuns in a taxi), it is stagecrafty, and adopts an ironic tone toward British hypocrisy. In addition, it demonstrates an aptitude for bitchy thrusts beloved in Mayfair coteries.

This has become a favorite vein in London's West End, a reduction to the smartly trivial of the more acrid and occasionally probing jibes initiated in the mid-fifties at the Royal Court Theatre by Osborne and others. It is one facet of London's "sexual revolution."

The first of our own corresponding "revolutions" occurred in the twenties when permissiveness and promiscuity purported to be a protest against a previous "puritanism." This had its English counterpart in the early Noel Coward-Aldous Huxley era, a loosening of morals inevitable after a war, especially since the conflict's aftermath was the beginning of the Empire's deliquescence. Our second sexual seizure began in the fifties as a blatant reaction against conformity. The result with us is to make sex unimportant, conformist and possibly "square." In England, however—specifically in London's more articulate circles—the rebellion is a defiance of the Establishment (which, since the reign of Edward the Seventh, has always masked its licentiousness in cool decorum), a weapon more ostentatious than effective.

The cry for "freedom," D. H. Lawrence once pointed out, is often a mere rattling of chains. The sexual bravado in England today appears to produce little pleasure. There is more leering than lustiness. Such comedies as *The Killing of Sister George* or the more affable but inferior and now defunct *How To Stamp Out Marriage* (a great hit in London) are further from joyous abandon than Harold Wilson's government is from socialism. Though tolerably benign — enjoyable too when acted by such as Beryl Reid and company — the "sexual revolution" is frequently a grim affair which, when prolonged after its simple point has been made, becomes distasteful.

Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* is "satire keen and critical" in the guise of a Gargantuan farce. Its targets are two of mankind's ruling vices: greed and lechery. One gathers the impression in seeing and more emphatically in reading the play that, while Jonson reviled the lust for gold, he roared with ambiguous appreciation at the other. His construction is tight, his diction obstreperous with lewdness and learning. He was a scholar with a leaning toward the streets, the cribs, the gamblers, the bawds, the duelists, the braggarts, the thieves, the pimps, the military swaggerers and finally the librarians of Jacobean London. While London today "swings" in cocky response to Britain's imperial and economic attrition, Jonson's London swells in the savage and overripe abundance resulting from the prosperity gained under Elizabeth.

If it were not for the flush of Jonson's frantic energy, his catchall vocabulary which mingles gems of erudition with *merdes* of the market place, he might strike us as being as cold as he is sometimes obscure. For all his zest and fondness for stage riot he is as much driven by scorn as Shakespeare, for all his melancholy, was impelled by love. Jonson had a soft spot for the greater bard's basic gentleness, but the world they both inhabited chiefly roused him to anger expressed for the most part through splenetic laughter. Jonson has no faith, little hope and much less charity. He would not be gulled.

I say all this because it is often charged that the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, which has opened its second season at the Vivian Beaumont with *The Alchemist*, has chosen its plays unwisely. It must be repeatedly affirmed that on the contrary most of their texts have been masterpieces which deserve display on our starveling stage. The pity is that these texts have been traduced through their production. The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, if it does not soon mend its ways, will succeed in making the classics look bad.

I shall not speak of the acting company for I doubt whether in this instance it is largely to blame. For there is a fundamental flaw in the direction of *The Alchemist* which bespeaks an appalling amateurishness. The actors appear to have been instructed to improvise comedy tricks. The louder they speak the uglier the sound and the more unintelligible they become. Fun in the theatre is created not by aiming directly at its result but by the surprising, illuminating, humorous or witty completion of an authentic human action expressing the will of recognizably real persons. Comedy is an extension of truth and reality to a realm heightened through a special insight provoking in us a happily renewed recognition.

The clowning in this production—extremely pronounced in Michael O'Sullivan—simply obliterates all sense, which is in effect a denial of comedy. We get no relation to time, place, original meaning or adult intention, only burlesque high jinks as misguided college brats might perform them. What Jonson's characters *want*—specific desire is the seed of all action—is wealth or women (in Sir Epicure Mammon's case the "women" might also be boys); the actors at the Vivian Beaumont want nothing more than to be madly comic, which is as disastrous for comedy as the headlong efforts to achieve beauty or majesty is damaging to tragedy.

Please, please, Messrs. Blau and Irving, mount a production which I can compliment for something more than its worthy purpose. I'm getting even more sick and tired of recording my complaints than you must be of reading them.

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MUSIC / Benjamin Boretz

After all the ephemeral furors of last summer's multi-event Stravinsky Festival (see *The Nation,* Aug. 22) in New York, it was instructive to attend a single concert, given under university auspices at Princeton, that offered the essential qualities of focus and significance which were conspicuously absent from the big festival: in particular, the projection of the qualities of Stravinsky's most recent music, and performances of works rarely or not yet heard. One would certainly have expected the Philharmonic to play the 1965 orchestral Variations, for example, and, even more obviously, to have commissioned a new Stravinsky work for performance at "his" festival.

But now, thanks to the evidently superior resources of the university (assisted, to be sure, by a generous alumnus), we have at last heard the Variations, played by a superior orchestra of New York free lancers conducted by Robert Craft. And the new vocal-choral-orchestral *Requiem Canticles,* commissioned for the occasion, was given its first performance under Craft's direction as well. Stravinsky's presence as conductor guaranteed the "festive" nature of the occasion; and his conducting was unusually extensive and strenuous, including the athletically demanding *Symphonies of Wind Instruments,* the three rarely heard *a cappella* Russian church choruses, and the 1948 Mass.

It was, however, Stravinsky the still profoundly exploratory composer who, as always on such occasions, dominated the evening. *Requiem Canticles* appeared as "surprising" as one has come to expect each new Stravinsky work to be; in this case, one was astonished to encounter a time scale of deliberate, regular unfolding that seemed at first totally diametrical to the direction of Stravinsky's development, especially over the last twenty years, and recalling perhaps only a few "ritual" pieces of the thirties and forties in his entire output (parts of *Oedipus,* the solo viola *Elégie,* the *Credo* of the Mass). But the events thus unfolded are, in pitch relation, inflection and macroformal design, unmistakably the twelve-tone Stravinsky of the fifties and sixties. And the ultimate result of this apparently incongruous juxtaposition is the emergence of an extraordinary slow-motion quality that projects those considerations of external "appropriateness"—in this case to the "dramatic" idea of a *Requiem*—whose conversion into an internal idea of structure is a perennial Stravinskian conceit. This is, indeed, the only instance I know in all Stravinsky where his fantastic time sense is employed to slacken, rather than intensify, the temporal framework for event succession. And the penetration of this idea to every aspect of the *Requiem* is also evident in an instrumentation of almost exaggerated plainness that represents an equivalent inversion of Stravinsky's usual razor-sharp particularity of a projected timbral image. The constructive subtlety that emerges in the development of this "plainness" from its maximally viscous, homogeneous opening with muted strings layering evenly repeated pitches against the evenly unfolded linear successions in two unmuted solo violins, through a series of vocal movements that carry it to extremes of transformation on the one hand, to the central and final instrumental movements that successively "descend" into increasing stasis of durations and sound on the other, is an awesome demonstration of the abundance of idea and technique still available to Stravinsky at 85.

Perhaps even more striking evidence of this vitality is the complete disparity in approach and appearance of the *Requiem* and the orchestral Variations, although they were composed in immediate proximity. Of all Stravinsky works, the Variations is in fact the most drastically time compressed; it manages, in an extremely concentrated time span, to articulate a structure of large-scale developmental scope and variety by ranging with breathtaking rapidity among extremes of differentiation in timbre and texture, from unisons to sustained twelve-part polyphonies, from rapid alternation of contrasting timbres to passages for solo piano and, once, for twelve solo violins interweaving in a single narrow registral band. The result is certainly one of the most immediately dazzling experiences in Stravinsky's music, approached in intensity and interest perhaps only by *Movements.*

As for the Philharmonic itself, this current season has opened with a promise unprecedented in recent years. First, the appointment of David Nadien as concertmaster suggests a concern for the orchestra's executive improvement that had not previously been evident. And the programs of this year's "Symphonic Forms of the Twentieth Century" series include a few American works of much more interest than anything offered last year, notably Salvatore Martirano's *Contrasto,* the Copland Short Symphony (one of the most frequently canceled works in the literature), and music by Irving Fine, Harold Shapero and Lukas Foss, as well as the Bartók opera *Bluebeard's Castle* and a work from the Soviet compositional "underground," Denisov's *Crescendo and Diminuendo.* On the other hand, the continuing omission of key figures—most of all Roger Sessions—remains inexplicable.

But the really novel aspect of the season is Leonard Bernstein's programing of the first Schoenberg works he has (to my knowledge) ever conducted with the Philharmonic. The first two of these, played during October, seemed to have been chosen with particular alertness to the delicacy of the encounter: the Second Chamber Symphony is, of all mature Schoenberg works, a minimal extension of the kind of sonority and continuity characteristic of late Mahler, an obviously comfortable domain for Mr. Bernstein; while the *Survivor from Warsaw* must have seemed safe by virtue of its highly charged theatrical surface and its irresistibly pathetic subject.

In more significant respects, however, these choices themselves reflect a rather ominous naïveté. For the Chamber Symphony, virtually as a consequence of its nostalgically compulsive mellifluence, is not really one of Schoenberg's most interesting works. Still, its performance may have provided some valuable insights, through a medium relatively accessible to conductor and audience, into Schoenberg's thought and auditory imagination, which

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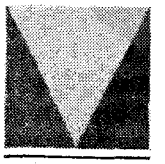

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might facilitate future performances and auditions of more advanced works. And although Bernstein's performance revealed the consequences of his and the orchestra's inexperience in this literature by proceeding far too much from sound to sound, without much sense of linear connectivity and large-scale contour, it remained, for the most part, within reasonable bounds of sobriety and restraint—although one suspects that some of that quality was imposed by the orchestra's manifest unfamiliarity with the score.

The *Survivor,* on the other hand, was a far more deceptive problem, for it conceals, beneath its surface of melodramatic Mickey-mousing of the spoken text (read here by Vera Zorina) and slightly hysterical effect, one of those remarkably developed music-dramatic scenarios that invoked Schoenberg's maximal orchestral and compositional virtuosity. His capacity to "time" dramatic events in sequence by purely music-constructive means, such as associations of layers of density, dynamics and registral dispersion, is masterly in such situations. And the culmination in the superimposition of the unison chorus on a full, polyphonically articulating instrumental texture, after the sharply pinpointed, isolated events preceding, is in its simultaneous climaxing of both the musical and the dramatic situations, a great *coup de structure.* Predictably, this kind of multi-dimensional conceptual and technical complexity was beyond any capacities the Philharmonic could summon, and all the vividly articulated timbral and rhythmic contours dissolved in a muffled confusion of indeterminate attacks. And Mr. Bernstein's valiant attempt to subsume all the muffed details within the sweep of an overall momentum simply added to the confusion in music where the momentum exists only as a consequence of the precise articulation of significant details. Perhaps, in the end, this unhappy experience will have helpful results for the performances of the even more problematic Violin Concerto later this season. That would justify a more substantive optimism regarding the future quality of the Philharmonic's contribution to musical activity.

'THE RUSSIANS FAKED IT'

(Continued from page 447)

program. Somehow this does not seem to be the sort of answer Mallan is looking for.

Although Mallan's articles have attracted more attention than they should have, they have little appeal for intelligent right wingers. The May 3rd issue of *National Review* featured an article entitled "Spacewise: What the Russians Really Did — What They Faked." The writer is John W. Campbell, editor of Analog (formerly Astounding) Science Fiction, and probably the only friend the baby-deforming drug thalidomide has in the world. His reasoning runs something like this. Thalidomide was banned by the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA is comprised of big-government bureaucrats. Big-government bureaucrats are evil fools. Anything that is disliked by big-government bureaucrats can't be all bad. Campbell was also a major supporter of two popular pseudo-science fads of the 1950s, dianetics and psionics. Today he favors water dowsing and is an absolute bug on the subject of extrasensory perception. Yet even with this staggering record of credulity he cannot swallow Lloyd Mallan and savagely attacks what he labels the "say-it-isn't-so syndrome." Campbell, however, agrees that the Russians did fake their space-walk film, not because they faked the walk itself but because a 100 per cent honest film would not look very impressive to "the backwoods native." Campbell's article is followed by an agonized and evasive answer by Mallan, who seems to have been expecting friendlier treatment in the pages of *National Review.*

However, articles like those by Lloyd Mallan are considered serious by a depressingly large number of people. A good part of the blame for this state of affairs can be laid at the door of the Soviets and the way they release their space information. For a nation reputedly skilled in the subtle arts of propaganda they are often remarkably inept. Obviously, no one expects either Soviets or Americans to release all the technical details on their respective space programs. But the public relations office of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration is the busiest in Washington. It floods journalists with more solid information than they can possibly digest. Network TV covers space shots with a thoroughness that borders on tedium. And although failures and problems are not trumpeted about, they are quietly admitted.

The Russians, by contrast, send their smiling cosmonauts on a lot of world tours but they don't release much hard information, at least not at a time when it is likely to be transmitted to the man on the street. They are improving a bit, but access to data is still poor. They announce no mission plans, even after a spacecraft has actually been launched, and no matter what happens, each vehicle — manned or unmanned — is said to be "successfully carrying out appointed tasks." When technical details are released at an international meeting, like those of the Committee on Space Research (COSPAR), it is months after the mission. Strictly speaking, these meetings are the proper place for responsible, unsensational scientific or technical pronouncements. On the other hand, by that time the popular press has become bored with the old space mission and is busily whipping up enthusiasm for the upcoming spectacular. Thus, the information never gets beyond a limited circle. On-the-spot television coverage or even news films of launchings are unthinkable. Charles de Gaulle, during his tour of Russia, became the first Westerner to witness a Soviet satellite launching.

Too often, the Soviets treat their space information in a manner that is genuinely odd. In April, 1965, they released the first photos of one of their manned spacecraft, the Vostok one-man craft, that had been used in the early days of manned flight but has not been employed for several years. The more advanced craft, capable of taking two or more cosmonauts into orbit, is called Voskhod. The photo shows a spherical vehicle sitting in the middle of a field of grass, and that is all. At one time the United States tested spherical spacecraft and found the shape unacceptable. Soviet use of this shape is a tantalizing enigma. There are other intriguing aspects of the photo but no explanations. The caption material supplied is worse than useless; it is confusing. The Soviets may have their own reasons for this obsessive and seemingly childish secrecy, but Lloyd Mallan would offer a reason too — it's all a big fake. If several million people in the U.S. believe him, the Soviets can, in large measure, blame only themselves.

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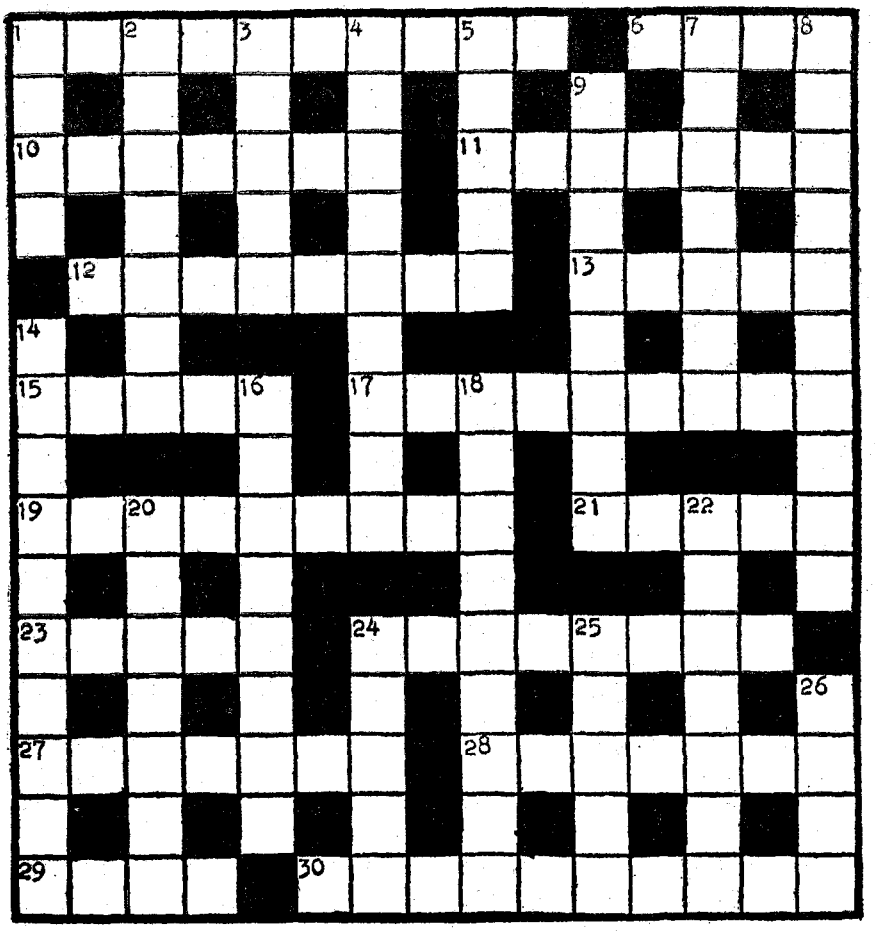
Crossword Puzzle No. 1173

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 What some foreign ambassadors would like to have in March? (10, 4)
10 What protest groups might stage when there are no seats available, working for a star? (5-2)
11 Animal in a shaggy coat, in improvised style. (7)
12 The sun rises about here, if you're interested in getting something to eat. (8)
13 In the first place, they're beside the point! (5)
15 and 1 down This you might have to see with—or else! (9)
17 If the man's disturbed by it, it might go deep. (9)
19 Crude weapons? Pitch in for the birds!
21 and 23 Decides to discourage booby traps, possibly. (10)
24 Throw into disorder by mild imprecation. (8)
27 Well rid of it? (7)
28 Schopenhauer said this is like a pendulum and obeys the same law. (7)
29 It can't be expressed rationally. (4)
30 Self-restraint suggests the five or six we could name in school. (10)

DOWN:

1 See 15 across
2 and 25 One of the things responsible for the tears of Madrid. (7, 5)
3 Is this trial of labor long and tortuous?
4 It's self in Jeeves? (9)
5 Hat so crumpled as to be almost indecent! (5)
7 What might be played is aught in a circling automobile. (7)
8 Passing rains try to settle it. (10)
9 Having 5 flung at it? (8)
14 and 26 Is part of the scrub team so injury prone? (10, 4)
16 Likes pickles, for instance? (8)
18 Following a clue concerning what the first horse might be doing? (6, 3)
20 O, might it be so! (7)
22 Evidently the strain is up in part of the joint. (7)
24 It's a larger part of San Francisco than it is of Texas. (5)
25 See 2 down
26 See 14 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1172

ACROSS: 1 Big business; 9 Hero; 10 and 28 Below zero; 12 Pinhole; 13 Hot rods; 15 Ambrosia; 16 Tablet; 18 Make-up; 21 Blanched; 24 Paradox; 26 Coffers; 29 Throb; 31 Way Down East. DOWN: 2 Iron Horse; 3 Bobbles; 4 and 11 Silkworm; 5 Newport; 6 Sower; 7 and 30 Medium rare; 8 Bridle; 14 Lambs; 17 Backfires; 19 Amazed; 20 Plotted; 22 Amoebae; 23 Errors; 25 Aroma; 27 Crew.

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